

VOGUE



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MARMON 34

The Choice of France

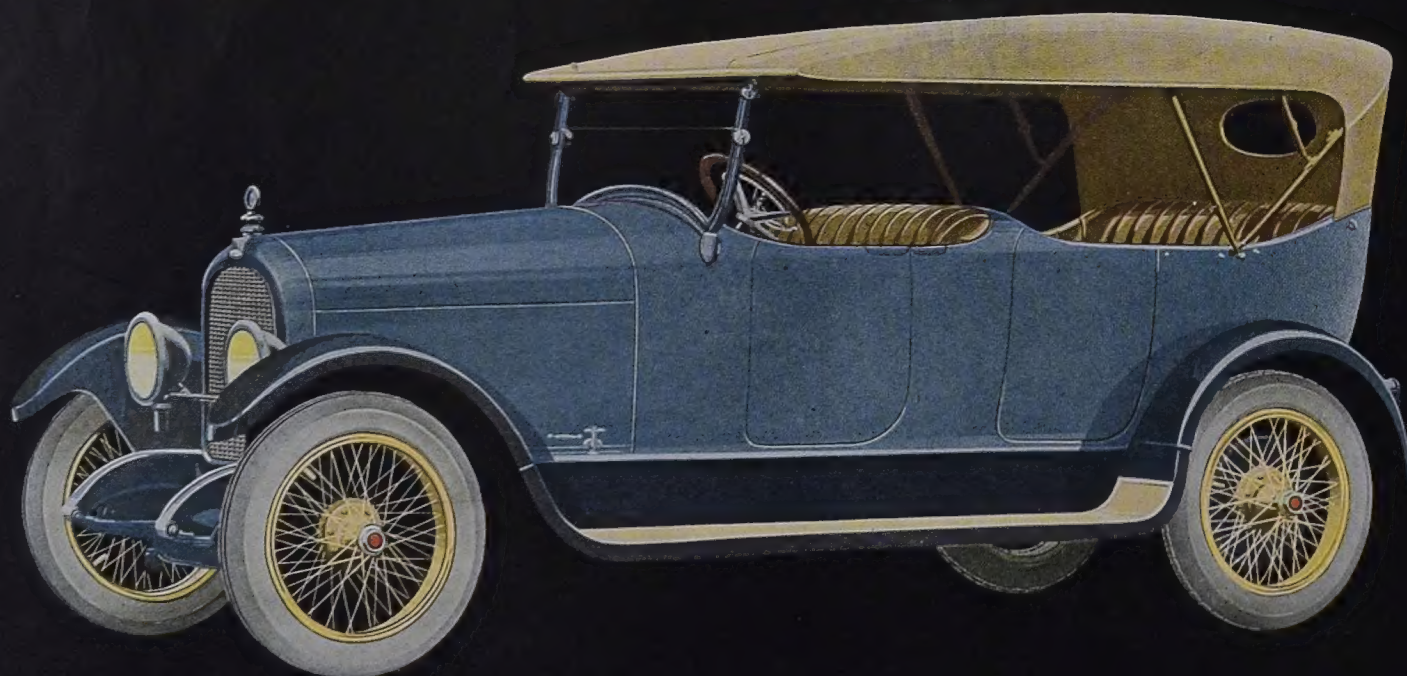
In the hour of peril when the French motor car factories were engaged in war work, France, the birthplace of the modern motor car, turned to America for help to supply her great army staff with means of reliable transportation. France knew what she wanted—reliability, endurance, speed and ease of riding.

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A SMART EVENT IN THE DOLL WORLD



Photographs by William E. Gray

This doll is posing as a cover drawn by Helen Dryden for a millinery number of Vogue

And now these same covers have been taken up by the smart doll. They have, in fact, played an important part in the Doll Exhibition which was recently held at Sunderland House, London, and which was quite the most fashionable doll affair of recent years. Among those present were dolls dressed, arranged, or contributed by Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Drogheda, Lady Lavery, and Mrs. Lloyd George. There were dolls representing prominent personalities of the war, army dolls, navy dolls, and war-worker dolls. There were dolls from all lands and dolls of all periods. There were baby dolls and lady dolls, rag dolls, and, of course, those historic characters who saved so many Parisians from German air raids, Nénette and Rintintin. There were dolls dressed to represent well-known actors and dolls dressed to represent well-known actresses. In fact, all the dreams of the nursery came true at this remarkable exhibition. And among the most attractive of all were the dolls which represented Vogue covers. Two of these are illustrated here, so that you may see for yourself how very smart and charming a doll may be when skilfully and exquisitely dressed.



Leyendecker drew the Vogue cover which this quaint industrious doll is representing

WHY THE DOLL EXHIBITION WAS GIVEN

SOME time ago, Vogue covers began to play an important part in the life of the smart woman. They ornamented her knitting-bags, and these bags were sold at many bazaars, thereby raising a large sum of money for the Red Cross, in addition to the decoration which they furnished; they provided the subject for tableaux at entertainments given for charity, again proving profitable as well as charming; and they were an inspiration to new and daring lines and colour combinations in the costumes and hats of the smart woman.

This exhibition was not, however, a purely social affair. All of the dolls were sold for the benefit of the Children's Jewel Fund, a fund which was organized by the Duchess of Marlborough and which has been increasing rapidly of late. And so, again, Vogue covers were able to be of assistance to a worthy charitable organization.

If you are planning to give an entertainment for the charity in which you are particularly interested, perhaps this Doll Exhibition may give you the very idea which you are

looking for. It will be an affair which will bring unlimited delight to the children, but it may be made equally interesting to grown-ups. For the affair at Sunderland House proved conclusively that the doll is not exclusively a childish thing. There are countless delightful ways in which the dolls may be dressed, and if, at any time, you are in need of inspiration, just turn to the Vogue covers of the last few years and you will find a solution of your difficulties. The covers are so varied that you are sure to find the ones to meet your need.

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WHOLE NO. 1115

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

C O N T E N T S

for
Early April, 1919



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THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

The Duchess of Marlborough has found a great deal of time, even among her many interests and her many war activities, to devote to the Children's Jewel Fund, which she organized and for which was

given the Doll Exhibition at Sunderland House, described on the contents page of this issue. She has also been very active in the work among convalescent soldiers in American hospitals in London



VOGUE

PARIS DINES *and* DANCES *and* AWAITS *the* OPENINGS

"Ah, hello! Is it you, Cecile? Are you dining with Mme. S— to-night?"

"But how can I dine there, darling? It is so far to the Bois, and I haven't a motor or even a carriage. I am broken-hearted about it."

"I am in exactly the same situation, and I am grieved to death, for they say that Maurice is to be there and show all the new dances. I have an idea, I'll telephone to Pauline. Perhaps she would pick us up on her way, if she has her Uncle de K's carriage, as she often does. I will call you again and tell you what luck I have."

Some other day, at some other hour, perhaps the conversations which cross those little wires, which, in these motorless days, are our closest con-

Straws of the Moment Now

Point to the Modes and Man-

ners of the Restoration, That

Period of Extravagant Gaiety

After the Napoleonic Wars

diers or bemedalled officers, one dances in a simple morning frock and—for all I know—in a travelling hat.

Ah, well, we, the resilient Frenchwomen, we dance in wonderful gowns of silk crêpe, heavy with embroidery, in gowns of flowered taffeta, over which fall, just as in the old days, great ropes or delicately slender strings of pearls.

The couturiers are in a bustle of activity. They agree that never have they had so much to do, yet their work is greatly complicated by the excessive cost of labour, for their workers ask three or four times the wage accepted before the war. Fabrics, also, are excessively costly, but the Parisienne must be gowned, none



TWO MODELS
FROM CHANEL

This very long waist is a marked note in the mode just now, whether in tailleurs or such frocks as this of gold-embroidered taupe Georgette crêpe, which might grace one of those famous "five-o'clocks" which Paris bachelors are giving in their homes or in their studios

nection with our friends will be more like this: "Hello, hello, Jeanne, are you there? I wanted to tell you not to be anxious about getting to that dinner to-night. I have succeeded in finding two carriages, and I will send one for you. Then you can stop for Marianne, who will have Sybil with her. That may be a little crowded, but at least you will be sure of a carriage there and back."

Thus it is, day after day, the great question of all the hours is to know how, with the rain falling in unrelenting torrents, we can transport ourselves to the homes of our friends and back again. For social life has indeed begun again, but the cab, the taxi, and even the private motor are still to seek. What can we do? We throw ourselves upon the bounty of any friend so fortunate as to have a motor, we crowd ten into a limousine intended for four, so that it looks like a private 'bus as it comes to deposit each passenger at her own door about three o'clock in the morning.

A MIRACLE IN TRANSPORTATION

The telephone service, of which we already complained bitterly, because it is a monopoly in France, has grown even worse through this pressure of calls. How is any one ever to get any one else, when every one is telephoning to every other one to know who is coming for her, whether she can offer a place in her carriage, or whether every one forgot, in making up that newest dinner party, that she has no carriage.

Yet the miracle is always accomplished, and somehow, a mere half dozen motors manage to deposit, almost at the same time, some hundreds of people who have come to dance the joy that victory has brought again to Paris. We no longer seek to understand it. We simply make ourselves as lovely as may be and trust to the fates to bring us safely to the dance.

And very beautiful indeed do we make ourselves in these days. This, perhaps, will sadly shock my neighbours across the Channel, for a friend of mine who has just come back from London, tells me that the Englishwomen will not even look at an elaborate toilette, that pearls never leave their cases, and that, though one may consent to dancing to entertain convalescent sol-



In this gown of silver brocade is embodied that tendency of frocks which gives us pause,—an alarming tendency to come down at the top and go up at the bottom. Not since the days of the Bourbons has the woman of fashion been visible so very far above her ankles

the less, and that in the smartest of costumes. Dining at the Ritz, where the dining-room has resumed its familiar rose coloured lights, I see on every side beautiful women, beautifully clad in costumes no less distinguished and luxurious than those of the days before the war. Recently I saw there the Marquise de Polignac (formerly Mrs. James Eustis), wearing a gown of silver cloth, sleeveless and cut very low.

THE RITZ IN ROSE COLOUR

The Marquise de Jancourt, darkly beautiful as Persephone, was delightfully clad in a gown of black tulle with square décolletage, sleeveless and heavily embroidered in silver. Mme. Henri Letellier, who of late looks like a very young English girl, looked slimmer and taller than ever in a gown of black velvet, with a bodice which had no back at all, while the front consisted only of two points of velvet rising from waist to shoulder.

Sleeves? Not the sign of one.

A skirt? Oh, so very little, but the daintiest ankles, delightfully clad in silk of the very grey of the pearls about her neck. She wears no ornament in her hair which is very much waved in front and drawn back lightly to a knot very low in the back. Her sister, the Countess de San Martino, was wearing that evening a gown of transparent flowered crêpe; a very high girdle of silver brocade marked the waist, very high in front, and gathered in the back to form a Japanese bow. The coiffure of the Countess is very lovely, but it is of a sort which must be worn by a woman whose beauty, is, like her own, irreproachable. Her hair, so gracefully drawn back, is brought forward only over the ears, leaving the forehead bare, and this, with her eyes, gives a marvellous effect.

The Countess de Castries was becomingly gowned in a robe of silver tulle which showed the beauty of her arms. This gown, like most of the evening gowns which I see at present, had no back whatever to the bodice. Her hat, also, was very clever. It is a cloche, the brim of



which comes so low that it completely conceals the face when seen from the side. Recently I have seen Lady Mackensi wearing a gown of black taffeta flowered in colour, very simply made, crossing in surplice fashion and with suggestions of sleeves which give the impressions of little cuffs that have wandered from their places. Her cloche, also worn very low over the eyes, is a black satin with two long sprays of paradise, one yellow, the other black. These are so long that they touch the arms on either side. She wears no gloves, of course, and about her neck are the seven strands of a most marvellous necklace of pearls, pearls which could be compared only to those worn by the Princess Rospigliosi.

The necklace of the Princess Rospigliosi has a history; it was given to Marie Mancini by Louis XIV and belonged, it is said, to Queen Elizabeth, before coming into the princely Italian family. Princess Rospigliosi is very beautiful, but I must admit that pearls of such wonderful quality centre the attention on themselves, and one is likely to lose sight of the woman in looking at the pearls.

HINTS OF THE RESTORATION PERIOD

I notice, although the form is not "Restoration" in any of the costumes which are being made and which I see all about, a tendency which definitely leads us back to that period of pleasures and fêtes. There are certain lines shown by these narrow skirts, a certain freedom of the corsage, and sometimes a bit of a long and narrow train which give me a sensation of having seen a "Merveilleuse." There is no detail, even down to the shoes,—so varied, so elegant, so much the "souliers précieux" of that period, which does not confirm this impression. Another very noticeable point is the fact that with these new costumes, the legs are shown as they have not been shown since the days of the garden of the Palais Royal.

I am wondering why I have never before suspected the fact, which is so patent now,



CHÉRUIT

For the Countess de Roche, the designer interprets the long-waisted lines in a blouse of crêpe de Chine surprisingly flecked with dashes of fringe made of twisted silk. Front and back of this blouse—a point worth noting—float free save for the slightly restraining girdle at intervals

WORTH

(Left) We remember the stately dignity, the distinguished magnificence so long associated with the Maison Worth, and then we rub our eyes and look at this frock which stops but just below the knees of Mlle. d'Hinisdale. If this be conservatism, what then are the "radical" frocks of Paris?

DOUCET

(Right) The Ritz has again resumed its rose coloured lights and with the lights much of its old-time brilliance. For London may still cling to war-time modes, but volatile Paris is dancing and dining in its gayest attire. Sumptuous black brocade and filmy black lace made the costume worn there by the Countess de Lubersac





The long and narrow train is still very much in use, and not infrequently it appears in pairs. The double train is here of cloth of gold, and the brief frock it dignifies is grey tulle embroidered in silver and gold over blue velvet

This designer has originated a novelty in trains, a graceful affair which falls at the side of the frock and in profile is either a veil or a setting, as one will. Mlle. Jane Marnac wears it on a frock of rose velvet with strands of coral beads

that all women have beautiful legs. This has become a fact beyond question. Never before has the woman of fashion permitted herself so much liberty in crossing her legs. After dinner, when every one sits smoking in the great foyer of some exclusive hotel, the rôle of feet and ankles becomes vastly important. One might write at length of the wonderful shoes which add so much to the costume of Madame X. or the pearled or embroidered stockings which grace the fair ankles of her neighbour. I say "ankles" in a bravely general way, for, in truth, I hardly know in what terms to state how very far above the ankles it has become almost modest and wholly correct to be seen by the whole wide world.

It is said that the mode in Paris has no variety. That is true; one or two women, whose taste is excellent, choose at the beginning of the season a model for each hour of the day, and I must admit that they wear those same models all the season, varying them little save in colour. The Egyptian tunic is an example of this. I am still seeing the women who wish to be smartly gowned following this movement, originated, perhaps, by Madame Letellier, or Madame Arthur Meyer, or by the Princess de Broglie. In Paris, distinction in a woman is attained not by the form of her costume, but by all that she adds to it; by the



variety of her footwear, by the fantasy of her coiffure, and by the charming fashion in which she wears her jewels and carries her fan.

Madame Hart appeared on a recent evening at the Ritz in black taffeta flowered in colours, like that worn by Lady Mackensi; she wore an enormous "American" hat with long paradise feathers laid flat on the crown. Madame de Ber-teux-Levingston, who lived in Washington for many years, was also present that evening and wore a long-waisted dress of silver crêpe de Chine, with a hat to match.

Chéruit, who makes chemise dresses in gold and silver, covers them this year with a second chemise of coloured tulle. Mlle. Cécile Sorel wore at a dance one of these chemises in silver lamé, partly covered with midnight blue tulle. The dress was loosely belted at the waist, or rather above the waist, by a very wide scarf of soft midnight blue satin, with one of the long ends hanging toward the front.

One of these chemise dresses, which was worn on a recent evening by the Countess de San Martino, was held up on the shoulders by strings of pearls. There was no corsage in the back; its place was taken by these pearls, a very lovely effect when worn by so lovely a woman.

Beer is showing a loose tunic, a model worn by

The draped skirt is still a factor in the mode, and who can say what its future may be? It is in such gowns as this in black charmeuse that it makes plain its derivation from the Tanagra figurines



The gown of to-morrow, is this, created for Miss Elsie de Wolfe to meet the desires of the woman of to-day, a frock which combines the grace of floating drapery with the virtue of suitability

Mlle. Calvat at the Théâtre Antoine. The sash, with its broad ends, is much like that worn by Mlle. Sorel and described on page 37.

A chemise of plain silver lamé, from Chanel, opens at one side on an underdress of gold lace and has a low belt, giving an excellent idea of the prevailing silhouette. The Countess de Salverte wore the other evening a jet chemise dress which is another example of this silhouette. Her dress was held on the shoulders by an imperceptible thread and cut very short, hardly half way to the ankle, while a band of rhinestones encircled the right ankle and flashed with a charming effect when she danced.

THE BACHELORS OF PARIS ENTERTAIN

There is a surprising new development in the social life of Paris to-day. Since the Armistice, the bachelors in the world of fashion have established the mode of having days at home, and they receive in the most charming, distinguished, and hospitable manner imaginable. Their rooms are full of flowers, they serve delicious food, the orchestra is well chosen,—in fact the most perfect mistress of a house could find no flaw. In the past, men have been satisfied to invite us to dinner at some fashionable hotel or to the theatre, but suddenly they have conceived the novel idea of receiving us in their own houses. The feminine world of fashion is delighted with this idea and

not for anything in the world would the Parisienne miss the "five o'clock's" of Monsieur Vasconcellos, or of the Infant Don Luis of Bourbon, of Monsieur Antoine Salla, or Monsieur de Gaudarillas.

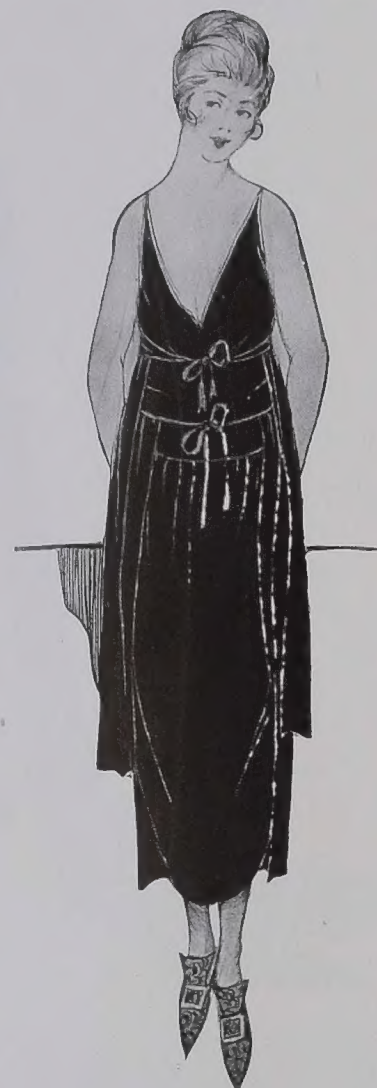
If one has friends among the artists, the pleasure is doubled, for one may see in their studios works well worth looking at. In the series of sketches which Jean de Gaigneron has shown this week, of a trip to Morocco, it is a joy to see the sensibility, restraint, and feeling for composition. The studio filled with flowers, the perfumed cigarettes, and the shaded lights of this temple of work all contributed to make us stand a long time before these burning horizons which are silhouetted against an oriental sky. Among these studies are some which give us a haunting suggestion of our beloved Italian Corots, which we have been unable to see since the war has closed the museums and which we seem almost to behold again in the canvasses of Jean de Gaigneron.

When these hospitable bachelors receive, not in studios but in their own apartments, one is given opportunity to see most magnificent rooms in Chinese decorations, in the style of the eighteenth century, or sometimes in a definitely modern key. There are magnificent salons discreetly lighted and differing little from those of a woman's house.

The Duchess de Grammont, whose type of beauty is so extraordinary, was dancing the other day at one of these at homes in a close-fitting chemise dress of Chinese pink charmeuse, with fringes that swung against her legs as she danced. These at homes "from five to seven," where there is dancing, have sometimes an intermission of songs by Marguerite Duval, or Lise Bertie, or character dances by Maurice, who is so well-known in New York.

Certain dresses this season are very long-waisted. The Jenny model in beige and maroon tussur, shown on page 39, with light tussur shows the line of some of these costumes, whether tailleurs or chemises, like that which Chanel shows in taupe Georgette crêpe, embroidered all over with designs in dull gold.

The suggestion of drapery which has been sponsored by several houses has had but a limited



Bands of soft silk floating unconfined save by the three narrow girdles are the secret of the grace of this frock. Beneath, the cause of modesty is served by a long chemise of matching crêpe

success. Women apparently do not wish anything to obscure the line of their silhouette which they choose to keep more slender than ever, and not even the most alluring of drapery tempts them from their straight and narrow way.

A NEW KIND OF FROCK

Something really new in frocks is the dance frock recently introduced by Miss Elsie de Wolfe, and this frock is sketched twice at the top of the page. Not merely a new model, is this. It is, in truth, the frock of to-morrow, the very frock for which we were looking, just at this moment when spring is coming to make us weary of all the modes we know. It can not be placed as a return to any of the period fashions or the classic costumes to which we have turned so often.

There is, it is true, something of the unconfined grace of softly falling Greek drapery in these bands of silk which fall softly about the body in overlapping draperies which are joined by no seams and are confined only by the three narrow girdles at the waist. Yet by no possibility could we call this frock Greek. In the movements of the dance, these floating draperies give an indescribable grace to the figure.

J. R. F.

Sleeves? Not a trace of them. It would almost seem that the designers have taken as their theme the Parisienne's amazing grace of limb, so much and variously is it in evidence this season. Pale pink tulle over pink satin is girdled with green-edged black and white ribbon and flowers in roses at a second girdle



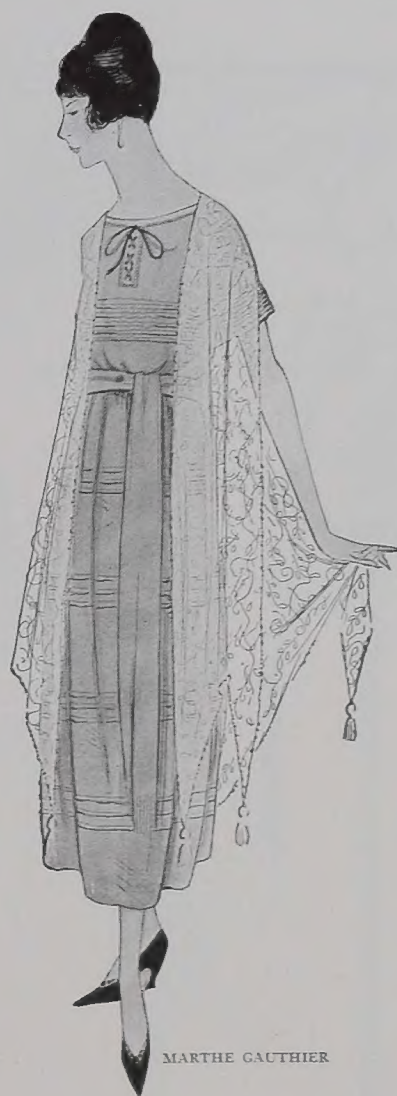
LUCILE

The Parisienne who has tea at home instead of at some of the novel five-o'clocks which fashionable bachelors now give in apartment or studio would enjoy such a tea-gown as this one of pink triple voile. Small pleats trim the gown, and the manteau of embroidered écreu tulle gracefully follows the mode. Even tea-gowns as may be seen, follow the shortening tendency



JENNY

The low placing of the narrow belt in this typical suit of beige and dark brown tussur clearly marks the present trend of the waist-line. Though the jacket is cut generously, the narrowness and brevity of the skirt show the restraint of the mode. Piping of beige tussur down the jacket and around the skirt accentuate the characteristic features of both



MARTHE GAUTHIER



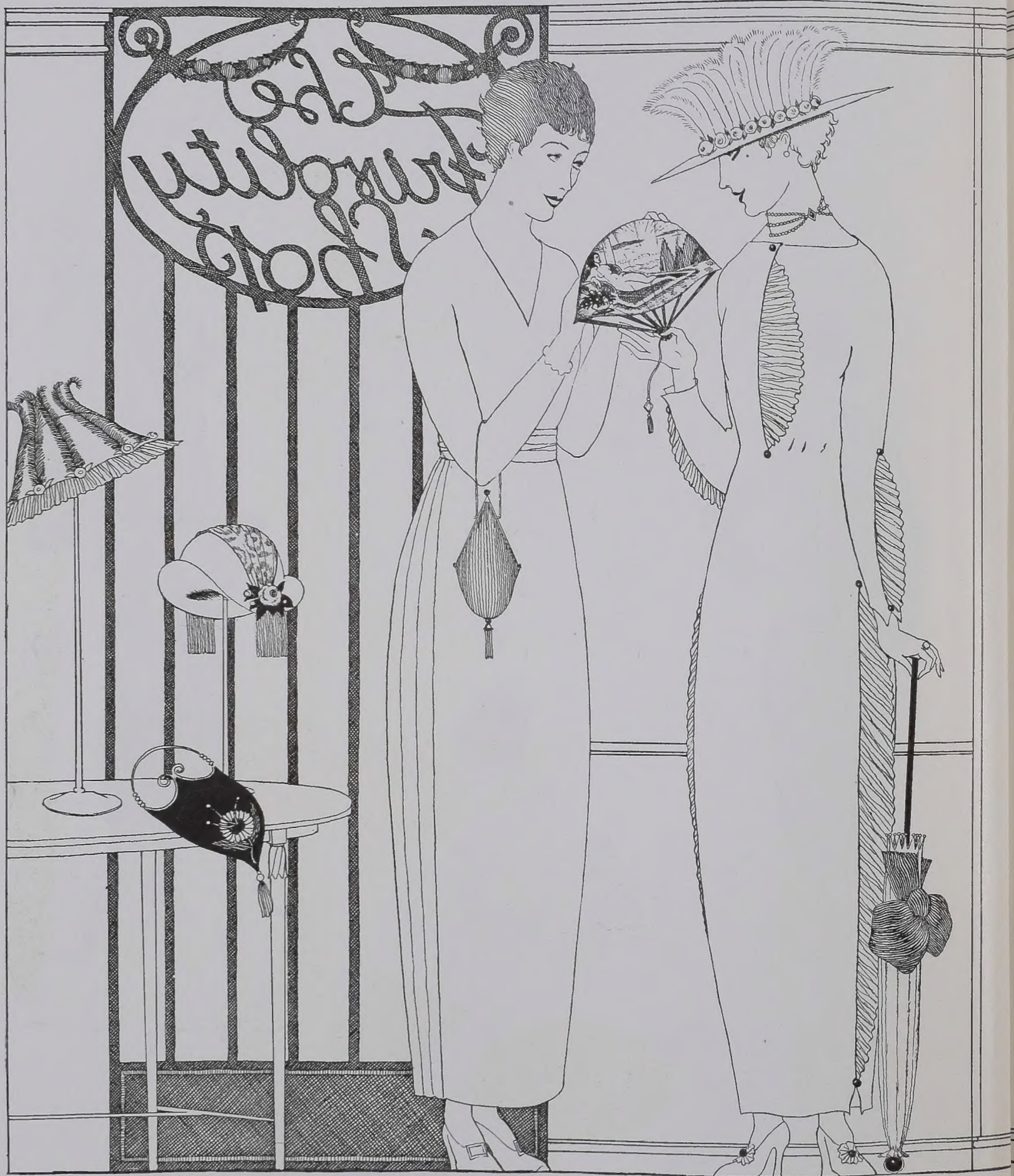
BEER

Like a Japanese obi, the huge bow at the left makes a characteristic feature of this frock worn by Madame Calvat at the Théâtre Antoine. The coral coloured chiffon tunic, heavily embroidered in rose, coral, and silver, is worn over a coral satin slip which pauses on the edge of abruptness in length. The beret is the same shade



MARTHE GAUTHIER

"Toile d'aviation" makes this frock, and it would be a hard-hearted aviator indeed who was not interested in the wearer. The squares of blue thread-work on waist and skirt, with touches of pink embroidery, which should further encourage flights of fancy, are enhanced by belt and sleeve ribbons of pink charmeuse



Paul Iribé has abandoned his imagination with whimsical glee within the world of parasols and hats. Fashion dares not toy carelessly with faces; she must create hats of every shape, this designer believes, and so he gives us capricious bonnets adrip with fringe, brims topped with formal feathers, anything, in short, that will accentuate the shadows of long lashes or the charm of a piquant profile

IT has always seemed to me that nothing is more interesting than to design the delicate objects with which elegant women surround themselves. These indispensable accessories of dress set off and show to advantage the whole costume. Above all, do they not give to fashion that *cachet* of personality which interests every woman who is anxious to preserve her individuality, even while she strives not to seem too different? Beau Brummel has expressed this when he said, "That which characterizes elegance is that it should not be remarked."

I dare not say that the accessories of dress are

PAUL IRIBE HAS DESIGNED ACCES-

SORIES WHICH PROVE THAT UNLIMITED

CHARM MAY LURK IN SMALL DETAILS



A HAT, A PARASOL, OR A FAN MAY

TURN A CONSERVATIVE FROCK INTO

A COSTUME OF INDIVIDUALITY

more important than fashion itself, but certainly they may shape the destiny of many a gown. Fashion is not as tyrannical, perhaps, as she would have us believe. If a certain outline is imposed, as for instance, the slender silhouette of the present season, at the same time a vast field is still left for the caprice of the imagination. Free from the rigidity of the decree of fashion, too, are all those fastidious little accessories of which I have spoken, since they are so diverse that they can be modified and varied almost without limit.

(Continued on page 84)

Nearest and dearest to the capricious heart of woman are the accessories and little things. With caution wisdom, the designer here devotes his talents to creating these luxuries not only for the sake of the love woman bears to them, but because he, the artist, knows the significance of a necklace rightly chosen, the hint of personality a fan may reveal, the mischief lurking in a provoking silken parasol

FASHION DRESSES BOBBED HAIR FOR EVENING

IT was the war which first made short hair so popular among women in Paris. As long as war activities meant a strenuous day with hours that must be rigidly accounted for, woman booted and belted herself for the sake of much trimness and more efficiency. Then, in order to simplify life even further, she cut her hair. Obviously one couldn't dash about in all sorts of wind and weather with fly-away curls, stray locks, or disarranged coils. There was work to be done which made every moment valuable, work which meant that one must never steal away to an obliging dressing-table between one engagement and another, for a few deft touches to loosened tresses. As long as the war lasted one did not need the elaborate coiffures which are demanded by formal affairs. Besides, most of the masters of the coiffure were fighting at the front, so that clusters of curls and the marcel wave were things of the past indeed.

PEACE-TIME COIFFURES

Life, however, is again changing, both on this side of the water and in Paris. With the signing of the armistice, the uniform, since its work is largely completed, is being gradually laid aside. Foot-lights are beginning to blaze as never before in countless theatres, drawing-rooms are flooded with golden lights, here, there, and everywhere, dances are beckoning their restless and lightly-slippered throngs. So that the boyish figure of Madame in



khaki is being swiftly replaced by a panorama of women arrayed in the colourful rainbow of Parisian splendour. Over night, almost, it has been necessary to order quantities of gowns and hats, and, needless to say, the coiffure will play an extremely important rôle in this dramatic inrush of novelties and old-time extravagances.

DAYTIME FASHIONS FOR BOBBED HAIR

Not that the vogue of wearing one's hair bobbed is past. Indeed, it seems almost to be increasing. For daytime wear there are any number of simple ways of arranging short locks, almost as many as there are for long. One of the most simple and charming methods is shown in the photograph at the top of this page. The hair is first waved and then brought back smoothly from the forehead, and is held with a barette or fancy pin. One can easily vary this style. For instance there is the bang that can be fluffed across the forehead with an air unmistakably French. Or, if one's face is doll-like and a bit piquant, one can dare the finger curl arrangement, but that is a little more difficult and requires more time. When the hair is quite straight, the permanent wave is the most satisfactory solution, and with short hair this method of curling and waving is particularly effective. One New York hairdresser has made a specialty of permanently waving bobbed hair and has devised a great



Baron de Meyer

The young girl may wear bobbed hair for formal evening occasions as well as during the day time; but for evening it may be rather more elaborately dressed. Here the hair is shown loosely waved, drawn back in a soft low puff into a barette, and allowed to break out into the "irrepressible curls" of fiction. The marcel wave or the permanent wave produce excellent results in bobbed hair if it is not naturally curly; posed by Helen Hayes

SKETCHED COIFFURES BY
ANTOINE, PARIS

PHOTOGRAPHED COIFFURES BY
LUCIEN, NEW YORK



Convenience and beauty lie in the thick braid, placed horizontally across a lady's brilliant eyes, and leaving the rest of the hair arranged simply. One need not wear the braid under a hat all day, but in the evening it can be very deftly adjusted to the short daytime coiffure, giving to the eyes shadows and mystery

The French coiffeur has here overcome the handicap of bobbed hair which must be arranged with dignity for a formal affair. The short hair is gathered to the top of the head, and where it ends a twist of hair is added, loosened above the right ear and drawn negligently across the forehead to join itself at the back

variety of attractive ways of arranging it.

It is the evening coiffure that presents the great problem. How can one be stately, formal, and dignified as to head-dress when one has, really, the locks of an ingénue? One is not fond of using false tresses, you say? What, then, is to be done with the short hair so becoming and appropriate for the uniform, so naïvely out of place with the formality of the black velvet dinner gown? Only a few favoured women, after all, can appear in the satin and jewels of the dignified nights at the opera wearing the ingenuously bobbed coiffure of a Florentine page. For those women whose locks have not yet had time to grow to their normal length, the simple coiffures shown on these pages for evening will be an inspiration.

WAYS OF DRESSING BOBBED HAIR FOR FORMAL OCCASIONS

How unexpected is the arrangement of the hair in the sketch shown at the lower right on page 42, where the irregular roll loosens itself above the ear. Or what could be more interesting and startling to a world tired of conventional braids and puffs than the crest of hair shown in the sketch at the top of this page, crowning a negligently wavy mass arranged low on the neck. In profile this crest looks like a helmet; viewed directly it resembles an audacious panache. And the cleverness of the coiffure



To the world that is continually hunting for something new it is particularly satisfactory to come upon this original and bewitching way of doing the bobbed hair. A section down the middle of the head is cut shorter than the rest of the hair and curled so that it ripples back from the forehead like the crest of a helmet or a utter dancing flame

shown at the lower left of page 42, lies in the convenience and beauty of the thick braid of false hair placed straight across the eyes, leaving the rest of the hair arranged quite simply. Charm and practicality unite themselves in this dressing, for while one need not wear the braid under a hat all day, in the evening it can be deftly adjusted to the ordinary daytime coiffure. Like the brim of a becoming hat, this braid gives to the eyes shadows and sudden mystery.

ADDED CURLS AND PUFFS

To give the effect of a coiffure quite as formal as any which is the result of piling high long hair, one can follow the arrangements shown in the photographs at the bottom of this page. The short ends are tucked in skilfully at the sides and back, and clusters of added curls or puffs are piled high on the head. The result is altogether lovely. Moreover, the effect is charmingly stately and gives one the assurance that her hair is arranged in a manner suitable to the stateliness of magnificent jewels and a train. For after all, is it not true, after Madame has worked, she must play, and to play one must first of all be beautiful? An added curl here, perhaps, a coil or braid shining across a white forehead, a magical twist or puff or wave—and one is smiling into the mirror at a face strangely fair, touched delicately with airy grace, with piquancy, with allurements.



Baron de Meyer

The short-haired lady sighs of an evening for the superior things long hair can accomplish, but not in vain, for a skilful hand can gather up her short locks, a few bright curls can top her head, and her coiffure rivals the most artfully piled long hair

The longest hair could not hope to accomplish a more stately or more fascinating coiffure than these short locks have achieved with the aid of deft fingers to pin them neatly in and soft puffs to give the graceful height an evening gown demands



MODELS FROM STEIN AND BLAINE

After all, there are moments and moods which nothing but a tailored suit will satisfy, but, this season, a tailored suit may be as individual, as feminine, and as altogether charming as a lovely frock. This model is of navy blue tricotine, and its loose box-coat has an unusual scarf collar with two long ends that may be worn as one's fancy prefers, while its slightly barrel skirt has a black satin sash that ends in two long tassels. It is worn with a white cashmere blouse with emerald green embroidery that does delightful things to the front

A suit with a decided preference for the country or for fine mornings in town has chosen crushed raspberry as its delectable colour and homespun as its practical material. The combination proved so delightful that it scorned any kind of trimming except a bit of deep wool fringe to swing becomingly at the end of the panel of homespun that began as a collar and ended as a scarf. This versatile affair may hang demurely at the front, as in the sketch, or drape about one's neck and form a snug protection against a chilly spring day

This new spring suit of navy blue gabardine argued wisely that, since a draping at the front was so successful for a skirt, it would be an excellent idea to try it on a coat. As a result, when this straight box-coat buttons itself, the lines of the skirt are repeated, and the effect, as any one can see, is twice as good. There is a high snug collar that buttons to one's ears to keep one warm; there are straight loose sleeves that stop above one's wrists to keep one cool; and there is an embroidered vest of white batiste to make one dainty and crisp

THE COLLARS OF THE NEW SPRING SUITS BUTTON HIGH ABOUT ONE'S EARS,

DRAPE SOFTLY ABOUT ONE'S NECK, OR HANG GRACEFULLY DOWN ONE'S BACK



Navy blue gabardine, black moire silk, and tucked white organdie, are three of the reasons why this tailored one-piece dress makes one want to own it as speedily as possible. But there are other reasons, too. For instance, there are the folds that make a smart drapery on the slender gabardine underskirt, the smart circular moire over-tunic, the sleeve that begins with gabardine, turns into moire, and ends in a puff of organdie, and, of course, the organdie blouse with its frill, its high collar, and its sedate row of little buttons on the front

It's of sand coloured gabardine, top and bottom, and of café au lait batiste in between, and it is plainly to be seen that these materials were fated to be companions—so becoming is each one to the other. Black silk embroiders the batiste in a large design above the soft wide satin girdle and on the loose three-quarter length sleeves, and a bit of the embroidered batiste edges the round neck. The waist, blousing slightly over the wide girdle, gives almost the effect of an Eton jacket and has a distinct yet simple charm of its own

A one-piece dress, by itself, has certain limitations, but a one-piece dress, chaperoned by a cape of its own, is ready for almost any occasion, at almost any hour. This one, of chestnut brown tricolette, has a plain bodice with long tight sleeves, but makes up for its simplicity in a draped sheath skirt with a large embroidered medallion on one hip and a narrow loose panel that ends in embroidery and a fringe. The tricolette cape, to match, suggests a box-coat at certain angles, and, at others, is frankly a cape of soft becoming drapery

STEIN AND BLAINE HAS DESIGNED THESE SIX MODELS WHICH SHOW CLEVERNESS

OF DETAIL AND NEW COMBINATIONS OF SHEER FABRICS WITH WOOL MATERIALS



Deep as the purple of a single violet, is the shimmering taffeta that unexpectedly reveals a lining of shining gold tissue. There is no way to fasten oneself into the cloak but to wind the stole about one's neck and let it hang down the opposite side. Great bands of embroidered flowers in gold, violet, and Chinese blue circle the sleeves and bottom. Beside it is a slender golden lady, who might have stepped from a Russian print. The foundation of her dress is gold lace, covered in front and back by panels of gold brocade that resemble glorified peasants' aprons and are finished by gold bead fringe. The girdle is copied from a Russian priest's stole, and into the gold are woven bright silk threads. The basket of flowers, the tight sheer sleeves, and the original neckline are but additional charms of a gown that is contrived to enchant. Quite in contrast is a vivid emerald satin frock, softly veiled in black chiffon. It takes its silhouette after three medallions of jet have been placed at the waist. Long lines of jet beads drip into a band at the bottom

LONG SLENDER LINES, BRILLIANT COLOURS HARMONIOUSLY COMBINED, AND MUCH USE
OF JET, THE NEWEST OF TRIMMING, DISTINGUISH THE GOWNS DESIGNED BY ZAHRAH



Baron de Meyer

Crystal and jet are an unsurpassable combination. A gown of silver cloth has an overdress of black and white net. The white, which falls from shoulder to hip, is literally crystal, and from hip to hem hangs back net, coldly gleaming with jet. Strands of crystal drip from the shoulders into bracelets of crystal and jet. Black satin forms the drapery

A striking contrast of black and white satin makes a dress with a bodice of brilliants, which also drip from the shoulders to the waist line in back. The draped skirt has a short train. The Zahrah hat of black horsehair and straw braid is crowned by glycerine ostrich

Perhaps the skeptic might decree that blue satin with a wide inset panel of white produces too decided a contrast, but here the two have been cleverly drawn together by navy blue silk embroidery. A loose panel is lined in white and caught at the waist by a girdle

THREE GOWNS DESIGNED BY

MME. JULES SAMUEL DISPLAY

DARING COLOUR CONTRASTS





A mushroom turban from Maria Guy does the expected and conceals the eyes. It is of black liséré, fitting close to the head, and from the top flies a mighty bow of taffeta. But Talbot, just to prove the contrariness of fancy, has created a small hat of black grass cloth lined with green and set it well down—not over the eyes where all conventional turbans sit—but over the neck in back. On one side is a spurt of glycerine ostrich

Under the wide, slim, taffeta brim of this sailor from Reboux, a pair of eyes conceal their satisfaction with the world of hats, and well they might, for they are secure in the shelter of a hat of great distinction. It is entirely black and cut to such extreme thinness that the edge of both brim and crown seem to be no thicker than the two layers of heavy taffeta. The brim is cut at either side and growing from these slits are wisps of goose feather

HATS FROM BONWIT TELLER

LARGE HATS AND SMALL HATS HAVE ALWAYS INDULGED IN A PIQUANT RIVALRY AND
HERE AGAIN THEY PRESENT THEIR CONTRASTING CHARMS WITH DISTRACTING SUCCESS



Hats can be as capricious as they please this spring; they can flare where they are expected to droop, and droop where they are expected to soar, just so long as they do everything becomingly. Maria Guy has reverted to the tricorne shape in the hat sketched at the upper left. It is of black liséré straw faced with taffeta and wears a fat pom-pom of burnt goose. At the left is a Reboux sailor hat, long at the back and front, and short at either side.

It is shaped of black Milan straw, and the medium high crown sweeps out audaciously in a long brush of cock feathers. At the bottom is an afternoon hat fromorgette, in fine horsehair braid which gives the effect of thickness around the edge. One can glance out from beneath the long curves, knowing that two things hold the beholder's attention, two brilliant eyes beneath the brim, and above it, a slender glycerine ostrich feather tilted to one side.

HATS FROM LITTEWITZ

FRENCH HATS JAUNTILY TRICORNE IN SHAPE OR SMART WITH TAILORED LINES AND

BRIMS OR BEGUILING WITH GRACEFUL CURVES TRUST THEIR FATE TO FEATHERS



Baron de Meyer

The coffee service is one of the jewels of the table. It is here, of beautiful hand-wrought silver on a galleried silver tray. The cups are of Royal Worcester china, the lovely cloth of Belgian, Venetian, and Flanders lace; coffee service from Schmidt and Son; lace cloth from Mme. Kargère

THE GRAND FINALE OF EVERY FORMAL DINNER

"HOW easy giving a dinner would be if one could only begin at the end," exclaims the young hostess who is faced with the problem of so seating all her guests as to assure an atmosphere of ease and gaiety through those sometimes fatal first courses. Fortunately this tension seldom survives the advent of the sweet, and by the time the coffee and liqueurs appear, the diplomat is leaning to the conviction that even a millionaire may appreciate bons mots, while the Russian general is filling out his chest in the firm belief that he is making copy for the charming novelist, who, at the soup course, was privately cursing fate for not putting the publisher at her right hand. At this happy moment, the success of the dinner is beyond question, and the host and hostess breathe a prayer of thanksgiving and resign themselves to enjoyment, also.

FROM COCKTAIL TO LIQUEUR

It was just this *mauvais quart d'heure* of every dinner which converted hostesses, even very conservative ones, to serving cocktails. But now, for various reasons, this appetizer is not served so frequently at smart dinners. The cup of tea with a slice of lemon, taken in the seclusion of the

With the Coffee and Liqueur Comes the Social
Hour of Wit and Gaiety, and the Wise Hostess
Looks to Perfection of Quality and Service

dressing-room, has become the fashionable bracer for both men and women who must dine but not wine too often.

But to return to the entrance of coffee and liqueurs at the end of a dinner; at the very small intimate dinner, where the women do not retire to the drawing-room, the demi-tasse and the liqueurs are served at the table. The coffee, needless to say, must be above reproach, having strength and aroma, fulfilling the demands of the old French saying, "*Noir comme la nuit, doux comme l'amour, chaud comme l'enfer.*" But the liqueurs to-day are not served as formerly, with a choice of at least three or four varieties, and the reason is very simple; they are almost impossible to obtain. The clever woman adapts herself quickly to existing conditions, however; when liqueurs fail, she gives originality to her dinner by departing entirely from the prescribed

crème de menthe, apricot brandy, benedictine, and other favourites, and boldly serving something as unprecedented as Madeira in tiny glasses.

The guests at one such dinner were charmed with this innovation, especially as the Venetian glasses in which the Madeira was poured harmonized with the Italian drawing-room in all its shades of green, old parchment, and wonderful tones of leather. The coffee cups carried out the same scheme, and the dinner service matched a centrepiece in the same key, a quaint fruit bowl of an Italian ware with four tall candlesticks, holding large church candles of an old ivory tint, on a cloth of Venetian lace.

THE VANISHING LIQUEUR

Liqueurs are still served, of course,—for they are still obtainable in limited quantities—but with smaller choice and in smaller amounts, and this fact requires that much more attention be given to the service. The antique shops, as well as the modern ones, are being searched for unique liqueur sets; for, as one host said, "One might as well make the samples look as tempting as possible." French, Italian, or Spanish ware is the fad of the moment, and it must be chosen with



(Above) To the vanishing liqueur is accorded more and more sumptuous service. The service on the tray is of amber Venetian glass, and the bottles on the table are of heavy white glass; liqueur service from Orvington; bottles from Gilman, Collamore

an eye to what will harmonize not only with the house, but with the hostess herself, who, if she is clever, will plan her setting with a view to appropriate background.

There is one woman in town who is courageous enough to play up to her lovely white hair by affecting white brocade and pearls, and her table is unique in having as a centerpiece a huge crystal and silver bowl filled with sprays of rose geranium, while leaves that have apparently fallen on the table are reproductions in frosted silver. The entire service is of white china, crystal, and silver, and the finale consists of liqueurs served in tiny crystal glasses on frosted crystal stems.

So poetic and abstemious are these repasts that it seems possible that it will soon be smart to emulate the clever Marquise de Rambouillet, who had the courage to realize in her century that a crowd of women and men feasting did not constitute society; so heavy viands, wine, cards, and even music were banished, and



Baron de Meyer

The smartest dinner, however, who is often the hostess's assistant at even formal dinners, wears a severe black or hair dress and a lace-trimmed dinner apron. Sometimes she wears a little decoration pinned to her dress, and a long black bow at the back of her head.

ever a tiny cup of coffee or dish of tea, the most brilliant thinkers of the age assembled in her salon, where, amid repartee and rhetoric, the famous French salon began its famous career.

THE ART OF MAKING COFFEE

But until it becomes really smart to be deeply intellectual, the modern hostess will show her wisdom by choosing the best liqueurs and serving them at just the right temperature; while as to the coffee, which is more than ever *de rigueur*, the making of that is an art in itself and should be studied with care.

In spite of frequent assertions to the contrary, the value of coffee is recognized in all parts of the world. Coffee has won its place at the end of dinner by virtue of its actual value as a direct aid in the digestion and assimilation of food. The "good cheer" that is engendered by drinking good coffee is not merely a psy-

(Continued on page 86)

Gloves are now an accepted part of evening costume, but this distinguished grey-haired listener at the Opera sounded a new note in having her gloves of black suede and ending some inches below the sleeves



SPRING SENDS ITS ADVANCE-GUARD TO NEW YORK

With Two Opera Companies Contending for Favour and Costume Balls and Dances Again in Order, Society Takes Thought For Pleasure and Fashions Are Again Extremely Important

The clever wearer of this bandeau of rubies and diamonds and a white cockade, used her jewels as the theme for a lovely costume in ruby velvet

THIS year the opening of the Chicago Opera Company brought to the Lexington Theatre many of the people usually associated with premières at the Metropolitan. No matter how smart the audiences are, however, no one receives an impression of chic from the people who assemble in this exceedingly badly decorated auditorium. Few women appreciate the charm of white at night. It is becoming to both light and dark-haired women, and it is perfect for the white-haired woman. In the costume worn in the second act of "Gismonda," Mary Garden, who sang the title rôle, showed her understanding of the effect which a blonde woman can obtain with white. Her costume was a neo-Greek affair made of many superimposed layers of white chiffon

which extended into flowing draperies at the side. About her fair hair was bound a broad filet of silver, and the only touch of colour in the entire costume was a great rosary of emeralds with a flat gold cross. One feels sure that every woman in the audience who is the possessor of emeralds decided that her next evening gown would be of

white chiffon with somewhere the green of emeralds.

It is a wise woman who, possessing an unusual bit of jewellery, has her costumes designed to go with it. Obviously the theme of the costume of a dark-haired woman gowned in ruby coloured velvet was a curious head-dress which consisted of a bandeau of rubies and diamonds. The rubies were assembled at the front, and where the bandeau became narrower diamonds were used. At the very front, a high white cockade rose from an oval diamond ornament.

One of the very loveliest evening coats seen about New York this winter was worn on this same evening by a petite dark-haired woman with much vivacious charm. The upper part of the coat was of white net embroidered elaborately in mother-of-pearl sequins, and the lower part was of black net embroidered all over in jet which, in contrast to the somewhat casual design of the nacre embroidery, was applied in a conventional

(Continued on page 87)



At the Chu Chin Chow Ball, Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas escaped the watchful eye of the Costume Committee and appeared in a very simple gown of black chiffon with a floating panel at the back, weighted with velvet ribbon

The only substantial things about this evening wrap were its great collar and bands of taupe fox. It owes great charm of its dripping lines to contrasting black and white net embroidered in jet and mother-of-pearl

Strikingly new modes are still but little in evidence in New York, but hints of coming changes are seen in such costumes as this smart frock which was worn recently by Miss Lucile Baldwin at the Club de l'Ingt





© Underwood & Underwood

Freed from war's restraints and worries, society betook itself early to Palm Beach and there became remarkably gay. Immediately above in the photograph are Mrs. George Kingland, Mr. Le Grand Cannon, Mrs. Pierre L. Barbey, and Dr. George Dixon



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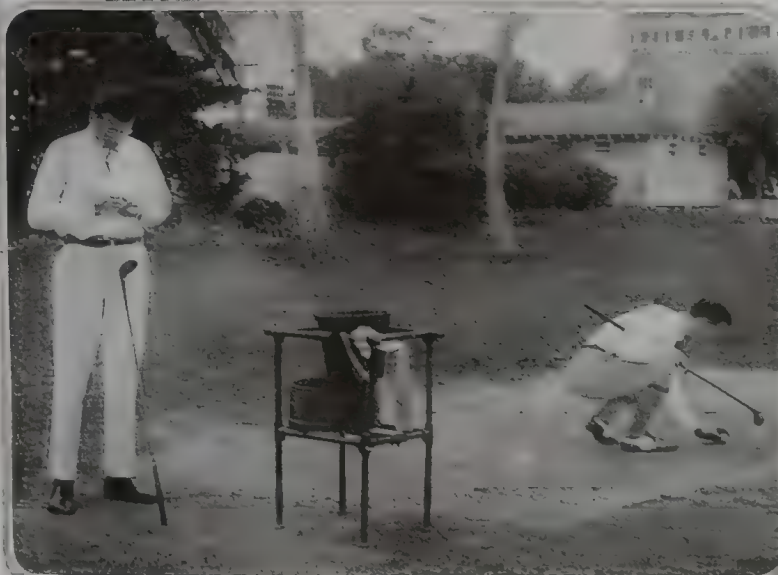
(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Prince, junior, of Boston, who are enjoying sunny days at Palm Beach, were among the earliest arrivals at this popular resort

(Below) Mr. Harold Vanderbilt and Mr. Theodore Frothingham, junior, were among the contestants in the Golf Tournament, held for the benefit of the Red Cross



© International Film Service

Miss Betty Pierson is the daughter of Mr. J. Frederick Pierson, junior. She and her sister, Miss Suzanne Pierson, are popular members of the younger set



Central News



© International Film Service

Here goes Billie Burke to her morning swim in the ocean. She is having a delightful rest at Palm Beach before returning to the Famous Players in the spring

SOCIETY ENJOYS IT-

SELF AT PALM BEACH

THE FIRST POST-WAR

SEASON IS A GAY ONE



(Below) Though Lewis says hats will be almost violent in colour, he creates a meek little turban of quiet brown chenille straw with a softly draped crown and no brim to speak about. It swoops up in back and has wings of brown feathers on opposite sides of the crown. Many nice things have happened to this hat, but perhaps the nicest of all is being worn by Patricia Collinge who is now playing in "Tilly"; from Bruck-Weiss

(Below) Lanvin made a bonnet along Directoire lines and hoped it might find just such a head as Patricia Collinge's to rest upon—and fortunately it did. The liséré straw of navy blue is swirled around with ribbon to match and meets in front with the biggest, fluffiest bow a small person ever carried. The brim, realizing how much it might conceal, considerably turns up—just a little—all around; hat from Bruck-Weiss

Baron de Meyer



Now that the time of uncompromising military caps has become only a shuddery past, women turn with eagerness to the big hats of their heart's desire. Emilie Lea, of "Gloriana" fame, has chosen one of black satin with a brim narrowing in front and turning up in back. Around the crown are ribbons, black and raspberry of hue, ending in a gigantic butterfly of black, lined with raspberry—one of the newest colours; from Wanamaker

BUTTERFLY BOWS AND

WINGS ARE POISED

LIGHTLY ON THESE

HATS FOR SPRING

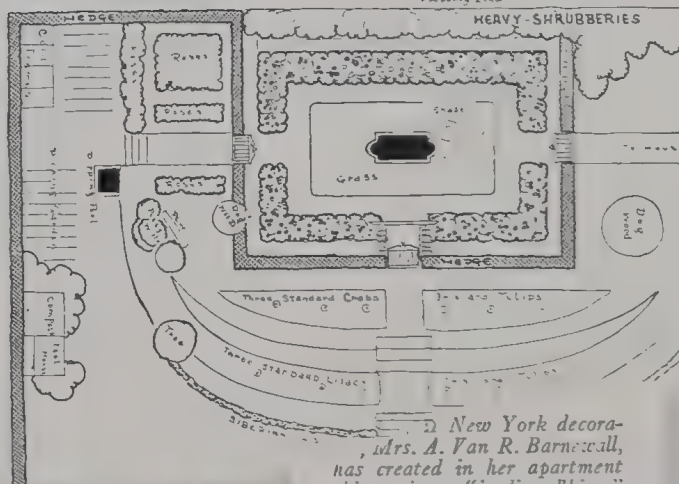




On the south is a series of round-
ing terraces where iris is planted.
The brilliant purple and white on
the upper terrace is broken at in-
tervals by flowering crabs. At the
foot of the terraces blue Siberian
iris makes a vivid dark streak

proper. Here the plants are al-
lowed to grow very much as they
please, unless they become too
luxuriant when they are trans-
planted in orderly rows to the
picking garden or given away to
other plant lovers.

Still in the "garden improper,"
one comes to an old church pew
under an enormous wistaria vine
by the way, was grown
A huge goat-willow,
A large pussy-
he pew,



A New York decora-
, Mrs. A. Van R. Barnecall,
has created in her apartment
this unique "jardin d'hiver"
with a black and white marble
floor and stucco walls. Beyond
it lies the "jardin d'été," a brick-
walled outdoor garden with old
fieldstone flagging and a seven-
teenth-century stone fountain.
Between the living-room and
the gardens is an iron grill, and
a bit of treillage, ivy covered,
curves over a little eighteenth-
century lead figure fountain.

(Right) At one side of the
"jardin d'hiver" is an old iron
grill which owes its delicate
grace to the French Renais-
sance, and from beyond the
leaded window comes a mys-
terious glow. The "jardin
d'hiver," with its stucco walls,
its bits of lovely old iron, and
its green growing things, is full
of suggestions for small hall-
ways and picturesque nooks in
courtyards

(Left) The decoration for the
living-room was inspired by an
old French Directoire doorway
of antique green and dull gold.
Apricot coloured taffeta cur-
tains, edged with a fringe in
apricot and salmon, are caught
back at an unusual angle, giv-
ing a vista of the dressing-room
and bedroom. The Directoire
commode has exquisite inlay

Inside the formal garden carefully planned
colour pictures are grouped at the ends of the
walks. In late April, the pale pink tree peony
is placed in front of a mass of mountain leadwort,
its grey mist-blue spikes and the silver pink of
the peony intensified by a carpet of white Arabis
in front. At another conspicuous angle one comes
on a broad planting of Carolina bluebells mixed
with tall palest yellow tulips and a carpet of cold
mauve phlox. Another picture that lingers long
in one's memory is phlox behind Primula Veris
Superba with a few forget-me-nots scattered
about. Early Thalictrum, planted behind peony;
pale salmon pink oriental poppies with creamy
bush-clematis, an indispensable plant from our
grandmothers' gardens; early Tzar Peter hya-
cinths, planted under a carpet of white Arabis;
tulips with bleeding-hearts and quantities of poet's
narcissus; all of these groupings are carefully
placed where one can enjoy them at leisure from
the circular seat around the old pollard willow
in the center of the grass plot. It is in late May
that the garden presents its most charming pic-
tures, brilliant with fragrance and colour.

THE POLLARD WILLOW

The garden was too sunny to sit in, in spite of
the surrounding elms and lindens, until the En-
glish willow was placed near its center, over-hang-
ing the concrete pool. Every other year in March
this willow is cruelly decapitated, amid the expos-
ulations and reproaches of the garden's friends,
but the consequence is that a more charming,
gnarled, old-French looking, pollard willow is hard
to find, and it is only fifteen years old. Looking
out from its dense shadow, the garden seems more
brilliant, and the owner takes
great satisfaction in the fact that
her special dog friends, who have
gone on to the happy hunting
grounds, lie buried under the wil-
low, where they loved to take
their siestas on hot July after-
noons of other days.

Being a garden composed en-
tirely of hardy perennials, it is
more than easy to keep in order.
A few hours a week spent in it
by its mistress is all it needs to
keep it neat and the dead flowers
cut. It is distinctly a spring gar-
den, for the owner is away from
June until autumn.

The formal garden is 72 by 40 feet
and surrounded by a privet hedge.
Beyond the white gate at one end
the garden stretches a wilder-
ness of semi-wild plants, which is
the "garden improper"



JAMES E. CASALE, ARCHITECT

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK

IS THIS UNIQUE APARTMENT

WITH ATTRACTIVE GARDENS





(Below) Though Lewis says hats will be almost violent in colour, he creates a meek little turban of quiet brown chenille straw with a softly draped crown and no brim to speak about. It swoops up in back and has wings of brown feathers on opposite sides of the crown. Many nice things have happened to this hat, but perhaps the nicest of all is being worn by Patricia Collinge who is now playing in "Tilly"; from Bruck-Weiss

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Baron de Meyer quantities of rock were taken out of grading, five feet deep in the garden and the neighbour's backyard. The wall, which faces south, was placed three

feet from the flower border, which is planted two feet from the flower border, so that the hungry roots of the privet do not rob the flowers' larder. As the grading had been so deep,

and the ground re-trenched and the plants reset. Outside of the hedge through the little "clicking" white gates, stretches a wilderness of semi-wild plants and shrubs, which is called the "garden improper," in contrast to the enclosed garden



On the south stretches a retaining wall surmounted by an old wooden balustrade, an heirloom from the family homestead. Above its top, lilacs, syringas, and poplars toss their sheltering screen of leaf and flower



In the "garden improper" is an old church pew, shaded by an enormous wistaria vine. Good sermons are still to be heard from its comfortable depths, as one sits looking into the flickering shadows of the garden



On the south is a series of rounding terraces where iris is planted. The brilliant purple and white on the upper terrace is broken at intervals by flowering crabs. At the foot of the terraces blue Siberian iris makes a vivid dark streak

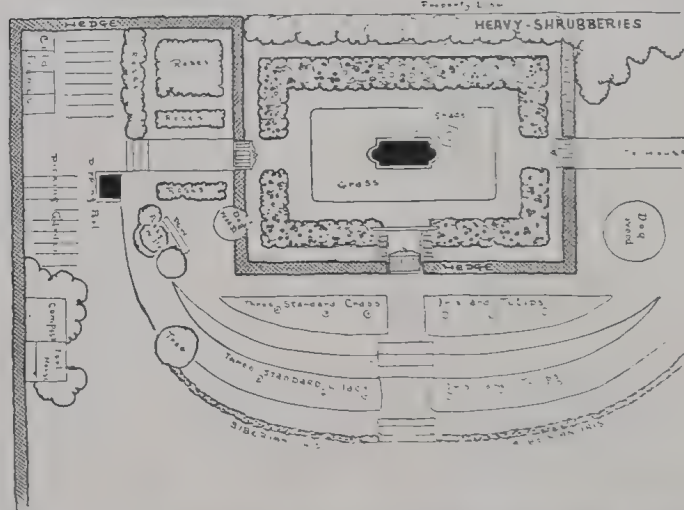
proper. Here the plants are allowed to grow very much as they please, unless they become too luxuriant when they are transplanted in orderly rows to the picking garden or given away to other plant lovers.

Still in the "garden improper," one comes to an old church pew under an enormous wistaria vine (which, by the way, was grown from seed). A huge goat-willow, the variety which has large pussy-catkins in March, shades the pew, and the tools are kept where the old-time Moody and Sankey hymnals used to be stored. Good sermons are still to be heard from its comfortable depths, as one sits looking out into the flickering shadows of the cool garden.

FLOWERING TERRACES

The grading ends on the south in a series of rounding terraces, which gradually disappear at the sides, and on these are planted a collection of German iris, which thrive in the dry, rather gravelly soil of these terraces. The tall Pallida Dalmatica, most beautiful of all iris, and the cold purple and white Rhein Nixe predominate on the upper terrace, where six standard flowering crabs break the iris line at regular intervals. On the lower terrace the orchid pink "Queen of May," pink and cream "Princess Louise," pink "Her Majesty," pale straw yellow Flavescens, contrast charmingly with six standard lilacs. Borders of forget-me-nots, white pinks, and deep purple pansies front these beds of pink, white, and yellow early tulips. At the extreme back of the beds flourish clumps of tall May-flowering tulips, such as Clara Butt, Rev. Euband, Gretchen, and Phillipe de Commynes, preceded by narcissus in three varieties. At the foot of the terraces a thick fringe of blue Siberian iris forms a brilliant dark line in the early part of June, followed by polished seed pods in autumn.

Over one of the clicking white gates a pergola is built. Stone steps lead up to it between iris borders. The glory of the garden is ever in iris time, when the dogwood trees hang their white sheets over the dark hedge and the cat-birds and wood robins sing their carols there



Inside the formal garden carefully planned colour pictures are grouped at the ends of the walks. In late April, the pale pink tree peony is placed in front of a mass of mountain leadwort, its grey mist-blue spikes and the silver pink of the peony intensified by a carpet of white Arabis in front. At another conspicuous angle one comes on a broad planting of Carolina bluebells mixed with tall palest yellow tulips and a carpet of cold mauve phlox. Another picture that lingers long in one's memory is phlox behind Primula Veris Superba with a few forget-me-nots scattered about. Early Thalictrum, planted behind peony; pale salmon pink oriental poppies with creamy bush-clematis, an indispensable plant from our grandmothers' gardens; early Tzar Peter hyacinths, planted under a carpet of white Arabis; tulips with bleeding-hearts and quantities of poet's narcissus; all of these groupings are carefully placed where one can enjoy them at leisure from the circular seat around the old pollard willow in the center of the grass plot. It is in late May that the garden presents its most charming pictures, brilliant with fragrance and colour.

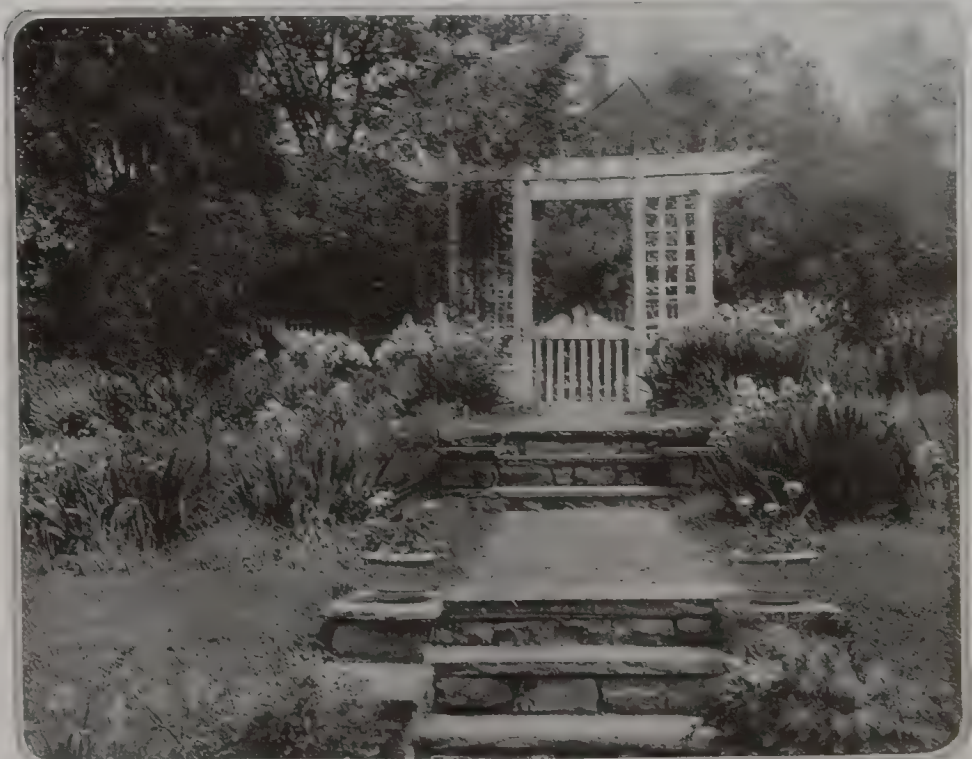
THE POLLARD WILLOW

The garden was too sunny to sit in, in spite of the surrounding elms and lindens, until the English willow was placed near its center, overhanging the concrete pool. Every other year in March this willow is cruelly decapitated, amid the expositions and reproaches of the garden's friends, but the consequence is that a more charming, gnarled, old-French looking, pollard willow is hard to find, and it is only fifteen years old. Looking out from its dense shadow, the garden seems more

brilliant, and the owner takes great satisfaction in the fact that her special dog friends, who have gone on to the happy hunting grounds, lie buried under the willow, where they loved to take their siestas on hot July afternoons of other days.

Being a garden composed entirely of hardy perennials, it is more than easy to keep in order. A few hours a week spent in it by its mistress is all it needs to keep it neat and the dead flowers cut. It is distinctly a spring garden, for the owner is away from June until autumn.

The formal garden is 72 by 40 feet and surrounded by a privet hedge. Beyond the white gate at one end of this garden stretches a wilderness of semi-wild plants, which is called the "garden improper"





Lillie Charles

THE HONOURABLE LADY WARD

Lady Ward, formerly Miss Jean Templeton Reid, is the daughter of the late White-law Reid, one-time Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Her husband is Captain the Honourable Sir John Hubert Ward, equerry-in-ordinary to King George. Lady Ward is chairman of the Executive Committee of the

American Women's Club in London, which was inaugurated at the beginning of the war and which has distinguished itself for patriotic service. This club will continue its work of caring for wounded Americans and its other war relief work as long as needs growing out of the war shall continue

First vice-president of this club is the Viscountess Harcourt, whose uniform as Hospital Commandant has been her almost inseparable companion throughout the war and whose services have been great in the organizing of American hospitals in England



The Central News, Ltd.

WAR WORK OF AN AMERICAN CLUB IN LONDON

"AN American home in the heart of London," is the way a visiting Lieutenant described it. And, indeed, the American Women's Club in London is a true American institution, even down to the very delicious pie it serves for luncheon. What a treat that pie was, in wartime days, to the scores of uniformed Americans—both men and women—who had the great good fortune to be guests of this club, which, all through the war, so generously opened its doors to all Americans working in the cause of freedom.

PATRIOTIC HOSPITALITY

Through its war activities, this club, formerly the scene of exclusive gatherings of notable American women who have taken their places in English society, has come to be one of the most important social and philanthropic centres in London. From its new and attractive club-house at No. 41 Hertford Street, Mayfair, it radiates hospitality to American war workers and takes active interest in a wide variety of matters that concern the many Americans now in England, as well as in the wider work of war relief. The patriotic and philanthropic services for which the Club has distinguished itself throughout the four years of the war will be continued so long as the needs growing out of the war continue to exist.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Curtis Brown, the president, this club, the membership of which has more than doubled since August, 1914, has taken its place among notable war organizations. Americans may well take pride in what their countrywomen have thus accomplished and are still continuing to do in war relief.

The slender energetic Duchess of Marlborough is chairman of a committee which unites a wide variety of powers under the broad

From the Beginning of the War, and Even to the End of War Needs, the American Women's Club in London Is Distinguished in Patriotic Service



G. H. Sergeant

Notable among the war workers at the American Women's Club is Lady Henry, wife of Sir Charles Henry, M. P. Lady Henry's only son fell in Flanders in 1917

title of the Philanthropic Board. Under this committee, workrooms were operated during the war for the making of garments and dressings. The product of these workrooms was contributed to American hospitals in England which were organized, financed, and operated by well-known American women living in England.

This committee has also interests only indirectly connected with the war. It has established a permanent convalescent ward in one of the large London hospitals, and there ailing American mothers and babies may find the care required to restore them to normal health. It is also taking charge of the education of a number of boys and girls of American parentage whom war or other circumstances have left orphaned or without means of obtaining an education.

Also under the direction of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Women's Division of the American Committee (a sub-committee of the Philanthropic Board) has made a notable record in war work. It will be recalled that it was the American Committee which at the outbreak of the war took a leading part in the work of getting thousands of stranded American visitors back to America.

HELP IN TROUBLE

The Women's Division of this committee is continuing its helpful work among American residents of London and is becoming recognized as a sort of permanent clearing-house for needy or stranded Americans. The American Committee is incorporated in the American Benevolent Committee, which is the central body in England for receiving and dispensing funds for American relief. A painstaking piece of work, and one which consumes a vast amount of time and labour, is that done by

(Continued on page 80.)

DENISHAWN, the school of dancing which Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn founded in California, seems well on the way to becoming one of the great American institutions of learning. Several of its graduates have already made names for themselves, notably Ada Forman and Florence O'Denishawn, and there are many more who expect to make their debuts and embark on their professional careers in the very near future. A group of pupils of the school is now on tour in vaudeville, in support of Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn.

Edith Kuster has appeared in many dances for the benefit of various charities. One of her most successful dances is done in moyen-age costume, to the music of Beethoven's Moonlight sonata. The costume for this dance was designed for her by Ted Shawn.



Grace McCrea, here pictured in her Syrian sword dance, is at present on an extended vaudeville tour. Florence O'Denishawn, shown here in her dance called "The Little Marquise," made a remarkable success in "Hitchy-Koo," and is still with that revue, now on the road.



The Dancers of Denishawn

Successful Alumnae of the California School of Classic Dancing

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

WILLIAM HARRIS, JUNIOR, an enterprising manager inspired with a sense of humour, succeeded recently in achieving a certain amount of what is called "publicity" by inviting the critics and the public to pass judgment on the knotty problem of whether or not Fay Bainter should be advertised as a star. When this problem was approached by the prospective jury, it was soon reduced to a discussion of the make-up of a printed page. It became apparent that, if Miss Bainter was decreed to be a star, the programme which Mr. Harris delivered nightly to his customers should read, "Fay Bainter in such and such a play", but that, if the actress was not decreed to be a star, the programme should read, "Such and such a play with Fay Bainter."

THE STAR FAKERS

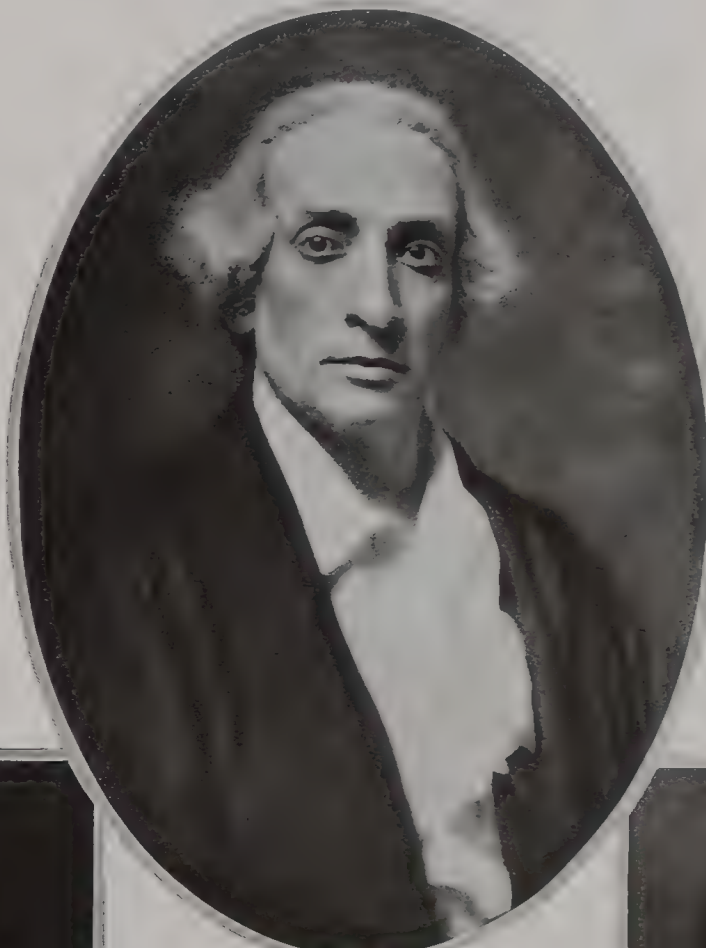
The question narrowed down to a choice of prepositions. If the little word "in" were printed on the playbill, the actress would be a star; but if the little word "with" were printed, the actress would be relegated to the secondary rank of a merely "featured" player.

(Right) "George Washington," Percy MacKaye's play, had its première at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier on February 17, with Jacques Copeau in the title rôle. The excellent French translation was the work of M. Pierre de Lanux, of the French High Commission

Stars, Temperamental and Commercial—Musical

Comedies Which Spoil Farces of Real Excellence

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Arnold Genthe

Any such discussion is so obviously trivial that the average patrons of our theatre, who may be presumed to be comparatively sane, must need to be reminded of the fact that questions so minutely technical are debated seriously by our actors and our managers. These rulers of the realm of make-believe, who control our theatre because of their rare and wondrous combination of an astonishing lack of sense with a no less astonishing excess of sensibility, believe sincerely that an actor or an actress may be made a star by manipulating the printed make-up of a programme and by juggling the arrangement of a few letters in the electric sign which is hung up and flashed forth in front of any playhouse that is yawning for attendance.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STAR

The star system, at its best, is merely an incidental corollary of the basic proposition that "it pays to advertise"; but, since this system has always existed in the theatre, it may be wise to understand it, in order to evade excessive betting on the score of its commercial possibilities. Considering the problem from the

(Left) After the New York season, the French Theatre company will make a tour of America in this unique rôle of a French company presenting a play of American composition and American appeal. Arrangements have also been made for the presentation of the play in English



Charlotte Fairchild

Norman Trevor, who began the season in "An Ideal Husband" and continued it with "A Place in the Sun," is now heading the cast of "Toby's Bow," a clever comedy by John Taintor Foote



Charlotte Fairchild



Arnold Genthe

That clever little Sachem, Emil Staud, who was great a success in "Upstairs and Down," found further success as the title in "Keep It Yourself," an adapted French farce

Janet Beecher thus made virtue attractive in the rôle of the impressive wife in "The Woman in Room 13," one of those dashing melodramas which still survive to rival the movies

point of view of the commercial manager, a star may be defined as any actor, or actress, who has developed a personal following of such dimensions that the public may be counted on to crowd the house whenever this performer may appear upon the stage, regardless of the merits or defects of the play which happens to be serving at the moment as the "vehicle" of the histrionic artist. If this definition be accepted, it may be stated, as a fact of history, that Richard Mansfield was the latest, and possibly the last, of the great stars of the American stage. At the climax of his career, the public was willing to crowd the house to see him, whether he happened to appear in a fine play like "Cyrano de Bergerac" or in a poor play like "A Parisian Romance", whether he happened to give a fine performance, as in the part of Beau Brummel, or a poor performance, as in the part of Don Carlos. Fifteen years ago, the personal popularity of this astounding actor was so great that it does not seem exaggerative to assert that he could easily have crowded a great theatre with an audience invited to sit and listen to him while he sedulously read the Century Dictionary backward from Z to A.

PERSONALITY AN ASSET

At the present time, there are no stars of the magnitude of Mansfield in our theatric firmament; yet we still have three or four performers who can always attract to the theatre a large and faithful following. Of these performers, David Warfield is perhaps the most conspicuous. Mr. Warfield has never yet appeared in a good play, and it seems reasonable to assume that such feeble fabrics as "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master" would have been condemned to swift and irremediable failure if either of them had been launched without this actor in the cast; yet this fascinating performer can always play to twelve thousand dollars a week in either of these unimportant compositions. Maude Adams is another person so unfailingly attractive to the theatre-going public that she deserves to be regarded as an indubitable star. Sometimes she acts well; more often she acts badly; but her faithful public neither notes nor cares about the difference. Even when the late Charles Frohman, in a fit of momentary madness, requested Miss Adams to attempt the title part in "Chantecler", the public still persisted in the established habit of stepping up to the box-office. The attractive power of such people as Mr. Warfield and Miss Adams is difficult to define, because it is derived not merely from their histrionic talents; but no manager is sane who seriously thinks that this mysterious commercial asset can be manufactured by the mere expedient of changing the preposition "with" to the preposition "in" upon the lay-out of a printed programme.

AN UNDENIABLE STAR

When we come to Mrs. Fiske, we have to deal with another person who is undeniably a star. This actress has gathered to her standard a loyal public that is nearly always willing to applaud her. Within limitations that are fairly easy to define, she is a great artist. She is much more brilliant than Miss Adams, and much more versatile than Mr. Warfield. Beyond the precinct of her limitations, she is scarcely more than competent; yet, in days like these, this minor fact should swiftly be deleted from attention by any watcher of the skies who scans the firmament in search of stars.

It has been the fate of this fine actress to fail in many worthy plays and to succeed in many plays that



Geisler and Andrews

The lure of audiences which may be counted in millions still holds Elsie Ferguson, and she persists in her refusal to leave the gilded glory of the movies even to renew her successes in legitimate drama. Her most recent films are "His Parisian Wife," and "The Marriage Price"

were not worthy; and this fact affords, perhaps, the final indication that Mrs. Fiske must be regarded as a star. She failed, a year ago, in "Service", an important play by an important author, Henri Lavedan of the French Academy, because the leading feminine rôle was not precisely fitted to her talents; but, a couple of years before, she registered a notable success in "Erstwhile Susan", an inconsiderable composition by somebody or other, because it happened to provide her with a part that afforded opportunity for the exhibition of her extraordinary talents for burlesque. Mrs. Fiske is one of those delightful and enchanting histrions who, though labelled "intellectual" by their admirers, do more harm than good to the cause of thoughtful drama by scoring most heavily with plays in which the element of intellectuality is not to be discerned.

"MIS'NELLY OF N'ORLEANS"

"MIS'NELLY of N'Orleans", by Laurence Eyre, might be criticized in either of two ways, according to the point of view selected by the commentator. Regarded as a dramatic composition, appealing for recognition as a work of art, it would have to be dismissed as a negligible fabric; but regarded merely as a "vehicle" for Mrs. Fiske, it would have to be applauded with enthusiasm. The critic, in this instance, is confronted with a feeble play that happens to contain an excellent acting part precisely suited to the talents of one of the three or four most interesting performers in America. In consequence, the journalistic fact to be recorded is a personal triumph for the star which expunges the shortcomings of the author. The public attracted to the theatre by the fame of Mrs. Fiske cares little or nothing about the lasting value of her "vehicle", provided only that this fascinating actress is afforded an adequate opportunity to twinkle as a star.

"Mis'Nelly of N'Orleans", considered as a feat of authorship, is a very poor play; but it offers Mrs. Fiske an appreciable opportunity for admirable acting by repeating one of the most popular expedients that are registered in the traditions of the stage. The heroine is fifty years of age, or thereabouts. In the first act, she accentuates her age, by pretending to be deaf. In the second act, however, she diminishes her apparent age by dressing herself in a gown laid up in lavender a quarter of a century before, and gallivanting about the stage in the spirit of one who had grown drunk upon the fabled waters that were sought by Ponce de Leon. This project has been employed in recent years by J. M. Barrie, in "Quality Street" and again in "Rosalind"; and, before that, it had been exploited by Charles Reade, in "Nance Oldfield", and by several other playwrights in several other plays. As a matter of commercial calculation, it was not at all necessary for Mrs. Fiske to pay royalties to Mr. Eyre if all that she was seeking was an opportunity to play a woman who marvellously changed her age, before her fellow-actors and her audience, during the course of her performance.

The plot of "Mis'Nelly of N'Orleans" is conventional and inconsiderable; the construction of the play is faltering and languid; yet the exhibition approached the region of the memorable by reason of the apparently authentic picture of a local atmosphere. Mr. Eyre, with the advertised assistance of so august a specialist as George W. Cable, has attempted to render a veritable record of the local life of New Orleans "a

(Continued on page 88)



Baron de Meyer

"GUIBOUR" AS PRESENTED BY YVETTE GUILBERT

THE Neighborhood Playhouse, at 466 Grand Street, New York, has been the Mecca of many memorable pilgrimages ever since its doors were first opened to the questing public by the beneficence of Alice and Irene Lewisohn; but nothing that has ever been shown at this theatre has excelled in interest the recent presentation of "Guibour," a French miracle play of the fourteenth century, which attracted overflowing audiences three nights a week throughout the months of January and February. This play was first acted in the year 1352—precisely two hundred and fifty years before the initial performance of Shakespeare's "Hamlet"—by a confraternity called the Puy, which was partly ecclesiastical and partly literary in its character. It was planned as one of forty items in a cycle of religious plays, all celebrating in one way or another the miracles of the Madonna; and its content is indicated by

A Mediaeval Play Gives Us the Rare Opportunity of Living in a World That Used to Be

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

the traditional sub-title, "Un Miracle de Notre Dame; Comment Elle Garda Une Femme d'Estre Arsée."

The recent resurrection of this mediaeval drama was sponsored and directed by Yvette Guilbert, who also played the title part and thereby made her first appearance as an actress on the English-speaking stage. As an actress, Madame Guilbert, of course, is not so utterly incomparable as she is within the limits of her own unique and special

art as a *diseuse*, and her ear for English is not by any means so fine as her ear for French; yet, despite the incidental handicaps to which she willingly submitted, she delivered a performance which was monumentally impressive. Representative artists of this calibre are not born more than once in a quarter of a century; and it is nearly so long as that since Modjeska died and Duse retired from the stage. In this performance, Madame

Guilbert was supported by many able and enthusiastic amateurs, including the Misses Lewisohn, the versatile young artist, Rollo Peters, L. Rogers Lytton, and Margherita Sargent. No professional company could possibly have rendered this old drama with so many indubitable indications of a genuine love for the occasion.

The scenery and costumes for the production of "Guibour" were designed by Robert Edmond
(Continued on page 89)



MARY DALE CLARKE

Margaret Mower plays leading rôles in the one-act plays that make up the repertory of Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre, which has established itself at the Punch and Judy for the season. Miss Mower has appeared in several Dunsany plays, including "The Laughter of the Gods," produced for the first time



MAURICE GOLDFERG

Hazel Dawn has at last been won away from the movies and is heard as well as seen, once more. She has forsaken musical comedy, to play in "Up in Mabel's Room," the successful new farce written by Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Helen Mencken is appearing in "Three Wise Fools," the comedy by Austin Strong, which is being produced by Winchell Smith and John S. Golden, and which has evidently gone in for one of the record successful runs of the whole season

Rays From the Limelight of Broadway

Who Illumine the Path of the Successful Plays

Insuring Russia's Dramatic Future

The Moscow Art Theatre Perpetuates Itself Through Its Studios

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE Moscow Art Theatre isn't taking any chances with the insecurity of fame after death. It doesn't propose to die at all. And so, under the guidance of its First Artist, the stalwart, snow-white, sunny Stanislavsky, and in the prime of its first generation, it is writing off in advance the inevitable passing of that generation by training up a new one to take its place. Originally in its school and now for four years in its Studios, the World's First Theatre is preparing to perpetuate itself and to insure Russia's dramatic future.

RUSSIA'S dramatic future! Has anything Russian a future? you say. Can anything good come out of Moscow and Petrograd? What hope is there for the offspring of hunger and demoralization, of death and disintegration?

But the Russian mind doesn't work that way. The future? Of course, Russia will have a future. The patience and the endurance which trace back to the Oriental limb of the Muscovite racial tree will help the nation carry on through chaos to this distant future. As for the present, *nietchevo*—it doesn't matter!

This fatalism, however, doesn't explain the persistence of the Russian theatre to-day in the forefront of our time. Why bother with the make-believe of the play-actor when daily drama in the raw and in deadly earnest is more certain and plentiful than daily bread? Why, indeed, if your drama is a mere matter of pastime and commerce! Even pastime palls under the Terror, after affording a temporary relief. And commerce is forgotten of men. But if your drama strikes deep into the heart of life, plumbing its sorrows and its joys with equal honesty and with the sincerity and the vision of the artist, then perhaps you will hold and cherish that drama even though Hell come



The scene in Act III of "Twelfth Night," as given at the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre,—with Olga Baklanova as *Olivia*, and E. G. Suhatcheva as *Viola*

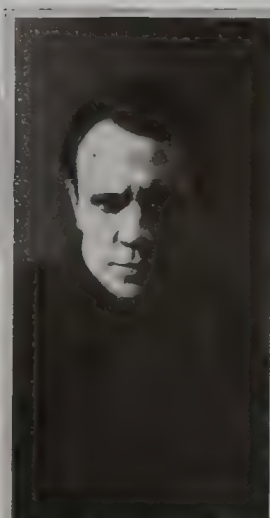


NIKOLAI KOLIN



OLGA BAKLANOVA

The principal players at the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre



MIHAIL TCHEHOFF

up to earth and camp in the seats of power. At least, that is what the Russians have done. Their theatre is the most normal of all their institutions, almost the only one which has not been undermined by the Revolution.

The idea of a school of acting in connection with a theatre isn't very new, especially in continental Europe where the playhouses are institutional and the actors rarely stray from the ancestral dressing rooms. That is

the way Stanislavsky began years ago to recruit new blood for the Moscow Art Theatre. But about the time the war denied us our artistic and aesthetic bulletins from Russia, Stanislavsky founded the First Studio, and, a year or two later, the Second—genuine theatres open to the public, with homes of their own and their own repertoires.

WHEN I reached Moscow last winter, prepared to record the swan song of the Russian Theatre, I found the swan had no intention to sing and that these two lusty children of the Art Theatre were laying their plans as if there were no such thing as Revolution in Russia. Under a tense and straitened economy, the parent institution, like the state endowed theatres and most others, has to be content with revivals from its rich and varied repertory, but the Studios seem to take delight in overcoming odds and adding to the chronicle of their accomplishments. Their tickets, sold by lot to a clamoring multitude, like those of the Art Theatre, are gone days in advance of the performance, so that if the guns start barking unexpectedly about cur- (Continued on page 95)



Scene from "The Cricket on the Hearth," as produced by this same company of Russians, with Solovyeva as *Bertha*, Tchhoff, a nephew of the noted playwright, as *Caleb Plummer*, and Vakhtangoff as *Tackleton*



Rosina Galli

The Metropolitan's Prima Ballerina,—as She Appears in "La Forza del Destino"



WHITE
The scenery for "La Reine Fiammette" was designed by the Russian fantast painter, Boris Anisfeld, now in New York, and executed under his personal direction for its première at the Metropolitan Opera House. This is the setting for Act I, and represents the court yard of an inn near Bologna. Bologna, the great city of the Romagna plains, is famous for its leaning towers. Anisfeld says that art, with him, is a matter of feeling, and that he paints as a rule that which he feels, not that which he sees—and he has proved it to be a most successful theory

Why Not More French Opera?

Before We Discuss Wagner's Return to the Metropolitan, Let Us Pay More Tribute to France

By PITTS SANBORN

DISREGARDING the excuses and the promises of the apologists, let us see what has actually been done for French opera at the Metropolitan Opera House during the current season. This is the second consecutive season without the eight operas of Richard Wagner and the one of Richard Strauss which, for several years, had been a voluminous element of the Metropolitan repertory. This war-time elimination, as well as war-time sentiment, had encouraged the belief that much would be done at the Metropolitan for French opera. Of course, much might be done, for notoriously one of the merits of the present opera administration has not been its cherishing care for the music of our great Gallic ally and for her native singers. Indeed, in the season of 1915-16, though the opera house appeared to honor France by opening with a revival of "Samson et Dalila," only two other French operas were given in the entire course of that season—"Carmen" and "Mignon." And the latter was given only once!

The current season opened, in like manner, with "Samson et Dalila." At the present writing, six more French operas have been presented—"Le Coq d'Or" does not enter this enumeration, because, though it is performed here in the French language, it is a Russian work. With the revival of "Mireille," toward the end of February, the Metropolitan will have completed the season's French account of

eight operas. At present, the sum is seven, out of a total number of twenty-nine operas, so



© MISHKIN

Pierre Monteux, the noted French conductor, who has brought French traditions and French taste to the preparation and performance of the French operas which he so capably leads at the Metropolitan Opera House, this season

far presented. Not a particularly dazzling showing for our great ally! Of the remainder, Italy counts to her credit eighteen; Russia, two (the one sung in Italian, the other in French); England, one (though by a German composer); and Germany, one (sung in Italian).

The opera of France has been divided since its infancy into two distinct schools, grand opera and opera comique, the latter of which is intended for intimate performance in a small theatre. Mr. Gatti-Casazza, as the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, has often testified to a personal belief that little of merit exists in the French grand opera repertory. So his tendency would naturally be to draw on opera comique, if he honored the French at all, although his opera house is one of the largest and most un-intimate theatres in the world. Still, the personal prejudices of an impresario, though necessarily they must color his administration more or less, cannot have untrammelled play, unless, like Oscar Hammerstein, he conducts opera as a personal hobby without reference to a board of directors or other outside control, and is answerable solely to his own desires and the persuasions of his box office.

MR. GATTI-CASAZZA did not let his rather rigid ideas about French opera and French singers wholly strangle French opera at the Metropolitan, but he did let them, at one time, diminish (Continued on page 93)



The young man on the right is addressing himself to the female of the species in language which she does not understand, but the tone of which sounds thoroughly natural and familiar to her. "These here suds, Gretchen, are, honest to Gawd, the lowest imitation of beer I ever gargled. If you want the real stuff you gotta go to Milwaukee or St. Louis. This boche beer is like everything else in this God forsaken boche country:—it's fake, impure and transparent!"



Nothing doing in fraternization—or sororisation either. After the midinettes of Paris and the bright eyed girls of Northern France, the Rhine maidens, it seems, have but little charm for young men of experience and good taste

REPORTS from the American sector in occupied German territory seem to be unanimous in their agreement that watching on the Rhine is about as dull a pastime as any young American could very well have forced upon him. It is one thing to chase Germans out of France, and quite another thing to have to live among them after they have been chased and chastened. There is no place, after all, like the good old U. S. A. If we may believe our soldiers,—and they ought to know,—we have, right here, better drinks and better smokes, and—well,—it would be an insult to our own fair girls even to suggest a comparison.



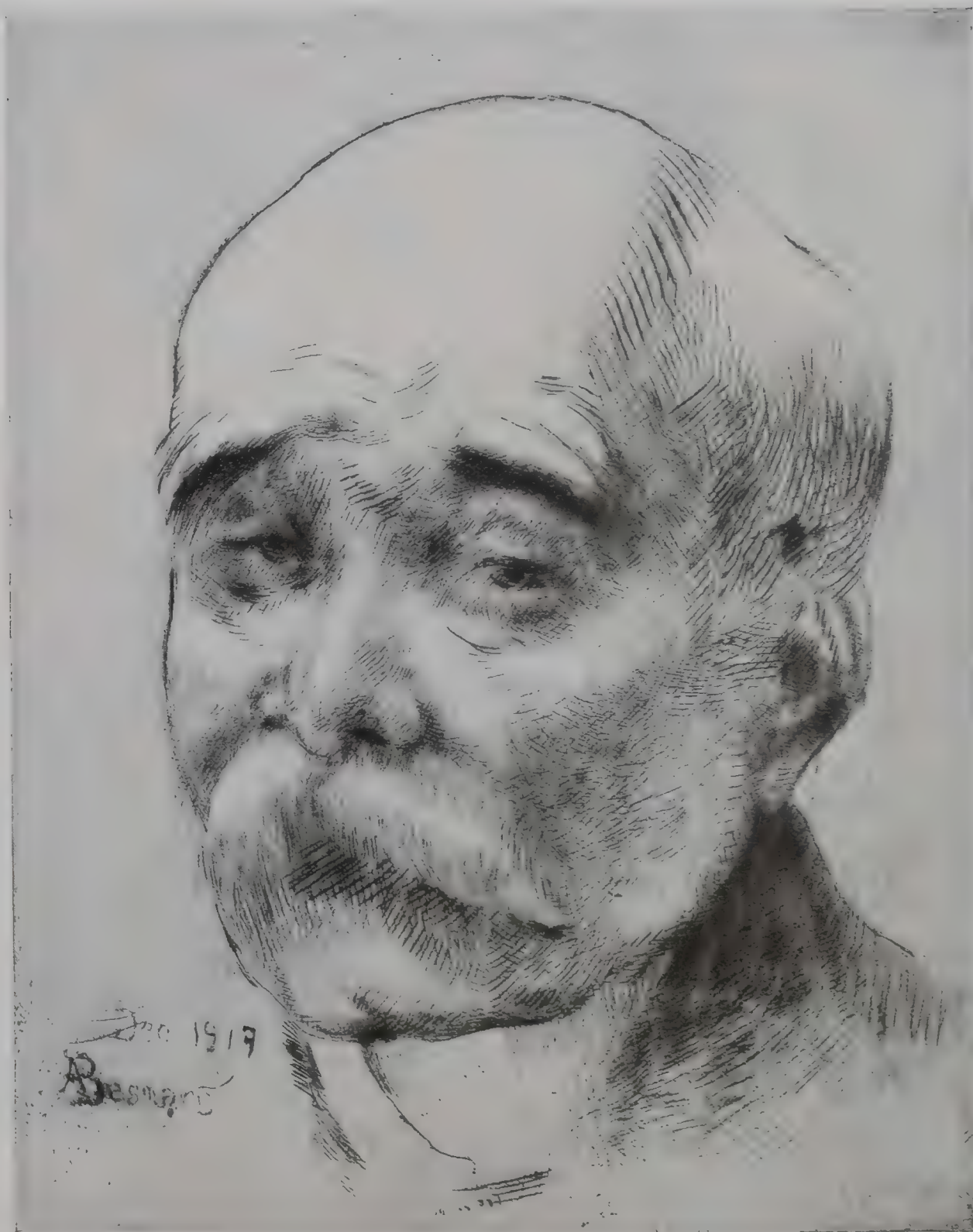
Even the cigars in Coblenz are thoroughly boche. It is not safe to light them without putting on a gas mask first, and—well,—in brief, it would actually take a boche to smoke one and still live



In the principal city of the British sector, the troops wash in Cologne water,—they even drink it—but in Coblenz the Yankees use common, or Rhine, water to the consternation of the natives—the "dear German people"—who have never seen water so extensively used for this purpose before

The Watchers on the Rhine

Sketches by George Wright



Georges Clémenceau, Premier of France

A Portrait From Life by Albert Besnard

This characteristic etching, by the first of living French painters, was completed in Paris in the late winter of 1917, just before M. and Mme. Besnard returned to occupy the then deserted Académie de France (Villa Médicis) in Rome, of which institution M. Besnard is still the distinguished head.

FEBRUARY was our opportunity to see at the new Anderson Galleries the official collection of War Paintings and Drawings made for their government by eminent British artists, which is touring this country under the combined auspices of the British Bureau of Information and the Worcester Art Museum. The exhibition came from the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, where it had been the leading art event of the season, having a record of attendance running as high as sixty-five hundred a day. From New York the collection goes to the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia, thence to Pittsburg, Chicago, and Worcester.

It is no exaggeration to say that a new standard in war paintings is set by this collection, one of the most important exhibitions of contemporary foreign art which has ever crossed the seas. It is not merely that the leading British artists are the makers of these pictures, such men as Orpen, Lavery, Augustus John, McBey, and Muirhead Bone. It is, above all, the fact that these men of exceptional ability have painted, not the studied studio works which pass current as "war art," but the stirring and amazingly picturesque scenes and events which

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they have seen with their own eyes and recorded on the spot, whether in glowing colour, vigorous charcoal and chalk, or wash and delicate line.

Most important in the exhibition are the works of Major Sir William Orpen, whose brilliant canvases and drawings fill two large galleries and add notably to the fame of that already well-known artist. To have met War face to face and had one's esthetic perceptions intensified, one's brush

invigorated and one's eyes given a broader and keener sight, is to win a success of which artists dream, but to which they seldom attain. Orpen spent two years on the Western Front as official painter for the British Government, and he has brought us a most vivid and personal impression of it, which has the rare merit of standing even higher as art than as history.

To this artist we owe something new and vital in our understanding of some of the great military leaders, including Marshal Foch, who have won this war and a comprehension of the desolation which war has left in its wake, such as neither written description nor photograph could give. Unquestionably the most striking of Orpen's portraits are those of the aviators. These

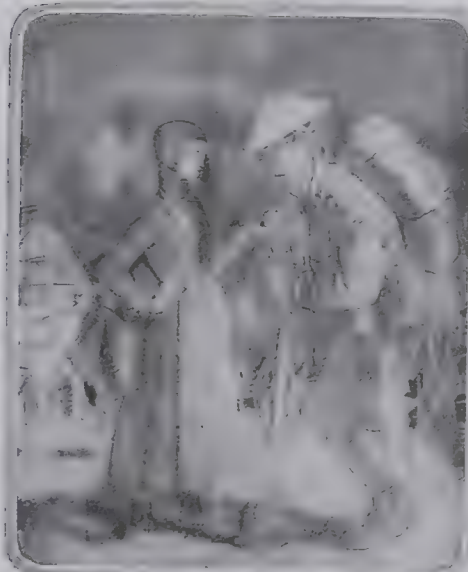
(Continued on page 85)

By RUTH de ROCHEMONT

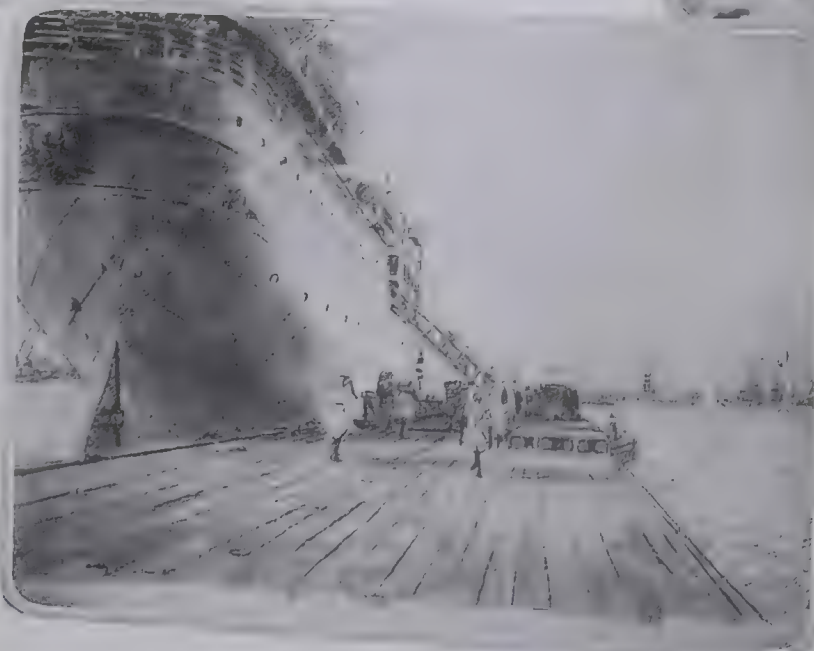


(Above) "Detraining a Howitzer by Moonlight," gave to James McBey, official artist of the British forces in the East, opportunity for his etcher's love of contrast

(Left) In glowing colour, Major Sir William Orpen presents what his eyes have seen as official artist on the Western Front, mainly in quaint Cassel, pictured here



"Adam and Eve at Peronne" bears witness that War has not dulled Orpen's keen humour. Both this drawing and a painting of the same subject were included in the hundred and more works which Orpen has contributed to the notable exhibition of English war paintings which is being shown in America under the joint auspices of the Worcester Art Museum and the British Bureau of Information in New York



Claiming kinship with Rodin's "Le Penseur," Orpen's "The Thinker on the Butte de Warlencourt" sits in solitary grandeur above the great battle-field. Masterly works are these drawings of Orpen's and an impressively graphic record of his days at the front

(Left) The fortunes of war were kind to McBey, for they sent him as official artist of the most picturesque of all campaigns,—that in the East. "Loading Provisions" is one of the resulting set of wash drawings, in which the eye and hand of the etcher are clearly and pleasantly discernible

THE HUMORISTS *and* LANDSCAPISTS of JAPANESE PAINTING

What Matahei, Korin, Sosen, Yeisen and Buncho Accomplished

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH



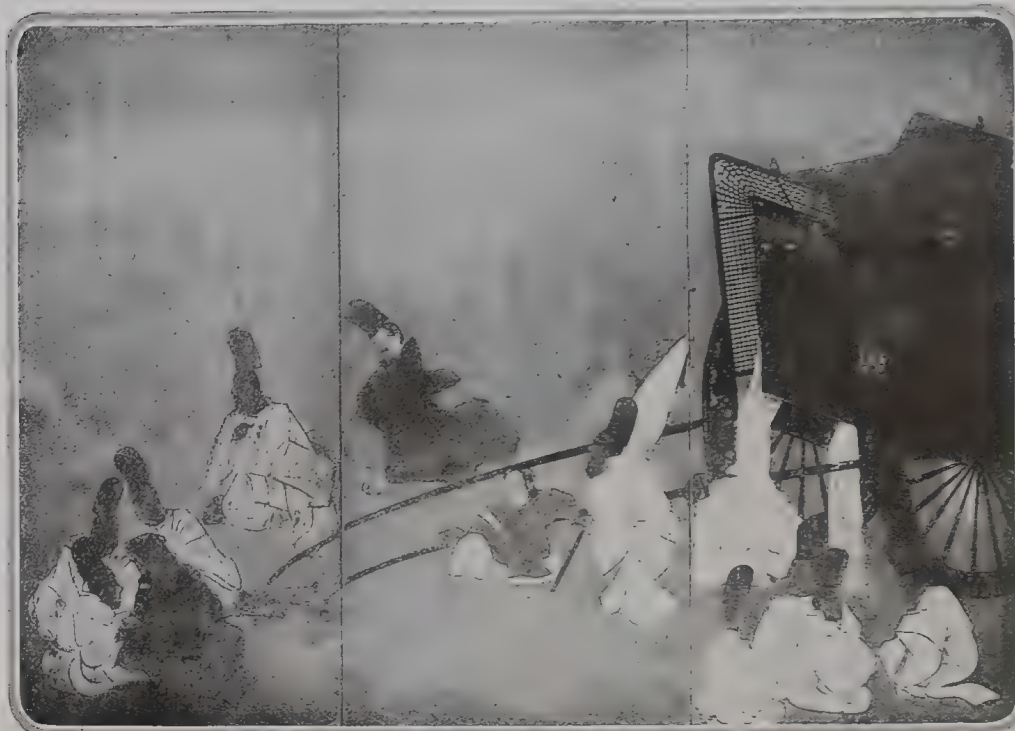
*A Flower Study, by
Matsumura Keibun.
Early 19th Century*

THE Japanese portraitists and hieratic artists mostly painted on silk, but the historians, the humorists and the landscapists generally worked on a thin, transparent paper, so absorbent that, be the brush pressed the least thing too heavily, the paint will at once spread in many undesired directions. Nor can work of this sort be altered by washing, or scraping, as with Western media, which difficulty proved grandly bracing to the Japanese, just as a difficult metre stimulates a poet's ingenuity. "Why, this is not drawing but inspiration," said Constable, on first seeing Blake's sketches; and owing in some degree to that very difficulty in the means whereby they were fashioned, the best Japanese landscapes seem the inspirations themselves; a straightforward reincarnation of what the artists felt.

The genius of these men was for capturing the enchanted aspect which things present to eyes stirred momentarily by emotion: their art is great because rich in that mystery whose lack, as observed before, is frequently salient in the hieratic paintings. And, indeed, it is a lack of this sort, a want of aloofness, which is the most frequent weakness in all Japanese art other than landscape, the genre in particular being too often only a prodigy of skill in realism, a marvel of decorative ability.

The Patronage of Hideyoshi

It speaks eloquently for the dynamite-like nature of strong personality that such a wealth of fine painting should have been done in the time of the Ashikayas. Be-



*The Romance of
Genji Monogatari,
by Oharugoko*



*Realistic study of a
heron executed by
Tan-an*

cause, despite their own love of art, their rule was really the antithesis of conducive to artistic achievement. Nearly each of them was signally incapable of keeping the country free from fierce civil wars, and it was this chaos which gave Hideyoshi his chance, at the close of the 16th Century, enabling him to take the helm into his hands. In sharp contradistinction to most autocrats, he had a keen taste for art; and, when his fortunes were nearing their apogee, he marked the promise of a poor young artist, Sanraku, whom he asked one Yeitoku to take into his studio as a pupil, Hideyoshi himself paying the requisite fees. Afterwards, when he built his palace of Momo Yama at Kyoto, Sanraku was the man chiefly asked for decorations there, his outstanding exploit being some mural paintings of hunting scenes, splendidly vitalised. And so great was the fame won by these works that, when Hideyoshi was dead, and all who had served him were regarded as traitors, Sanraku was pardoned.

Art and the New Rulers

Under the Tokugawas, Japan commenced to experience a welcome tranquillity, among the results being that, whereas hitherto there had been few buyers of secular art save the nobility, for these alone had enough money, there was now a quick increase of wealth with the trading classes, followed by much art patronage on their part. Hence there came into vogue the painting of pictures on screens, as too on the sliding doors hiding cupboards, or forming partitions between rooms, the usual medium for work of both



*"Under the Blossoms," a painting
on silk by Chobunsai Yeishi*



*"Girls at Play," a happy print by
Eitaku Kobaiashi*



*Rabbits by Matsumura
Keibun. Early
19th Century*

these kinds being a hard paper, which lent itself to minute draughtsmanship. And since many of the new art-patrons, in eagerness to flaunt their wealth, desired houses characterized by gorgeousness, it became customary to paint the backgrounds of the screens completely with gold.

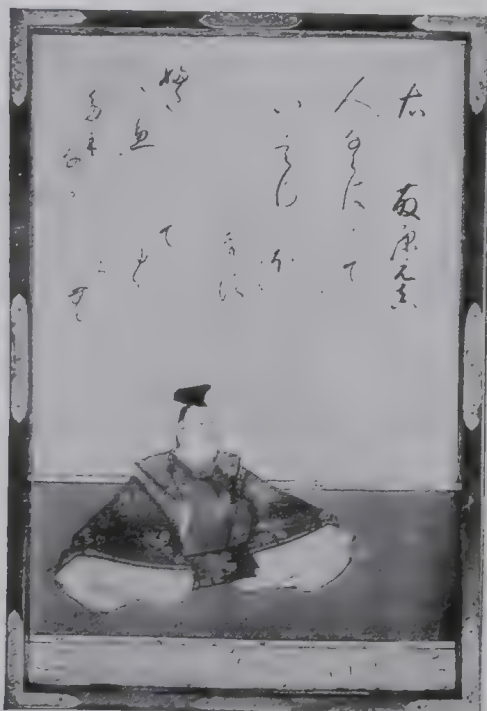
Yusho

It is one of the prime glories of Japanese artists, that, employing this mode which in endless hands would have yielded only the grandiloquent, they almost invariably achieved instead the grand, flowers being the theme with which they were most successful on the glowing *repoussoir*. A glance at some of them will repay.

A prince among men thus engaged was Yusho, who had worked along with Sanraku in Yeitoku's studio; while the early years of the 17th century witnessed the painting of singularly delicate landscapes by Kano Koi, whose pupils included Tanyu, famous alike as animal-painter, landscapist, and poet. He is one of the comparatively few great Japanese masters of whom there is an authentic portrait, this work being in the Imperial University, Tokio; and showing an anxious, nervous, emotional person, it hints too at an exceptionally lovable disposition.

Sesshiu thought to improve his skill by going to China, and, in many Japanese artists subsequent to his time, there is seen still that old tendency to look admiringly to the Middle Kingdom as a guide in technique, Tanyu being however virtually the last Japanese of true might inclining thus. Just after

A portrait of Mukashi No Tenno,
. painted on silk by an unknown artist



"Boats on the Sumida,"
done on silk by Moronobu



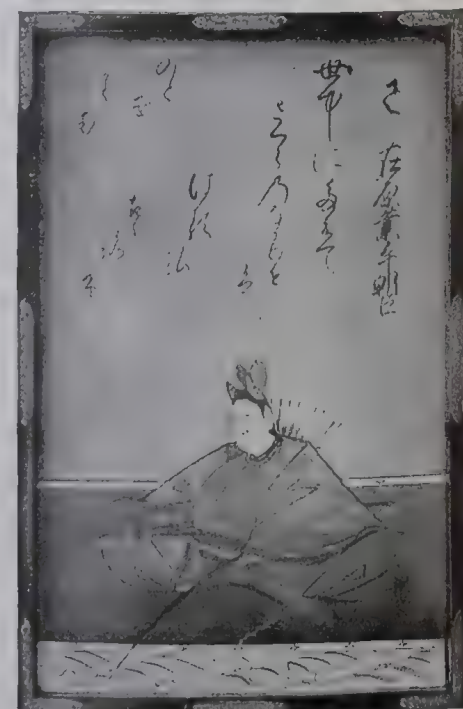
"Kwannon," by Mokkei,
at Daitokuji near Kyoto

None of his compatriots, before him, had made an art comparable with his from matter of this sort. And it can hardly be doubted that, in showing thus how lofty a beauty might be evolved from humble domesticities, he was a vast incentive to the far-famed woodcut men, who, starting work very soon after his time, called their prints "Pictures of the floating world", that is, the scenes of the passing hour. Their style of workmanship, in many cases, is literally an echo of his, Matahei's screens always reflecting, nevertheless, a fine deliberateness, largely foreign to his imitators.

Moronobu and Korin

Of the painters studying with him, much the best was Moronobu, who had begun life as a designer in an embroidery shop, and with whom a favorite topic was the Sumida river, with its motley pageant of boats; (Continued on page 91)

A portrait of the poet Ariwara No Narihara, by Iwasa Matahei



These two kakemono studies of monkeys by Mori Sosen show both the realism and humor of that Japanese artist. Sosen lived until 1821

his day, there was a marked increase in the output of historical pictures, a brilliant adept in such being Mitsuki, who, in the ardour of his admiration for his remote predecessor, Tosa Mitsunobu, claimed to be that master's lineal descendant.

Matahei

But by far the greatest Japanese painter of the mid-1600's was Matahei, keenly alive to the charm of his country's characteristic domestic utensils, and drawing these things with a loving precision, often, in his studies of ordinary people, merely eating or drinking, reading, writing or playing games in their homes.

The Adventures of a Bolshevik

Impressions of the Leading Russian Outdoor Sport

By NICOLAI YEGOROVITCH SVAROGITSCH

THE steppe stretched on, drearily, monotonously, empty as life, sinking into the horizon as hopelessly as a soul slides into death. There was no sound, save the occasional distant moan of a starving wolf, or the snarl of a tortured fox at bay. Otherwise, thick silence lay over everything, seeming to smother all living things in its heavy pall.

Beside a mound of broken stones headed with a crooked cross that marked a lone grave, Varinka Xenia Ignatievna waited, a look of suffering in her dull, patient eyes. She was the natural daughter of Ivan Ivanitch Ignatievitch, a half-witted moujik, and Pelagea Andraevna Legarovitch, who had been a bar-maid in one of the drinking-dens of the village. Yet hot love can come into the lives of even such humble creatures—the girl waited here, beside the lone grave, for the return of her lover, Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin. He had gone away to join the Bolsheviks, and ever since he had gone, while one gray week dragged into another, she had waited all through the dull days and far into the gruesome nights for him to come back to her. And as she sat beside the solitary grave, she brooded ceaselessly on life and love and the bitter hopelessness of it all.

SUDDENLY, far down the steppe, a dark figure came into view. The girl watched it, dully. Before it had come within twenty yards of her, recognition had seeped into her heavy mind. It was Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin, at last come back—there was no mistaking that well-remembered stagger. Varinka Xenia Ignatievna trembled, her brain grew dizzy. She strove to rise, as he approached, but could only sink beside the grave again.

In the distance, an owl shrieked hysterically. Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin threw himself on the ground beside the girl and embraced her, muttering broken words into her red, peasant ears.

"Little godfather," she murmured, tenderly, "I knew you would come back to me. I knew you would come, as surely as I know that some day I must lie, in the horror of still death, under the heavy mould. Tell me of your soul—tell me what it has been like to be a Bolshevik."

Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin's eyes shone, his face flushed, his hands trembled, like those of one crazed with vodka.

"Oh, it is beautiful, little caviar!" he cried. "At last I have found the true glory of living. There is nothing so superb as Bolshevism. The days are one glorious whirl of suffering,—battles, murders, bloodshed, pillage, robbery, destruction, outrages. The streets have all the rich coloring, all the vivid picturesqueness of a shambles. I have seen the snow painted a gorgeous crimson with the life-blood of multitudes; I have seen broad vistas of mangled bodies, piled in graceful symmetry; I have heard that exquisite minor melody, the wailing of starving children. It is superb, little muskrat. It is life!"

Varinka Xenia Ignatievna sank back, half-fainting from the magic of his words. He crouched beside her, his eyes glowing with ecstatic memories.

A single buzzard circled hopefully above them.

The girl spoke, her voice low with awe, her eyes closed before the dazzling picture of the life he had revealed to her.

"TELL me, little second cousin," she said, "if you have indeed found that life can be so magnificent, why do you leave it? Why do you come back here, where all is dull and hopeless, where death is not gloriously violent, but stupidly calm? There is no diversion for us here, save suicide. Why have you left these scenes of paradise?"

Dimitri Petrevitch Tsibunin shook his head slowly, his eyes dim with the wonder of one who sees a vision.

"It was too beautiful, little white rabbit," he answered, "I could not stand it. My soul could no longer bear the weight of all its wonders. My heart would have broken under the strain of any more ecstasy. Yesterday I tossed a bomb into a crowd, gathered together waiting for food to be distributed to them. It was wonderful! The effect was like something one might see by gazing into some colossal kaleidoscope. Last night, while strolling through the streets, I saw a sentry guarding a stack of boxes of supplies. Into his back I slipped my knife, cool and keen as a November breeze, and he fell without a cry, in the unstudied ease of sudden death. Then I set fire to the boxes, and watched the graceful flames, like the arms of a million slender women, snatch the supplies into nothingness. I was exhausted with the doing of beautiful deeds. My soul cried out for a respite from all the loveliness. So I have come back from all of it to you, little soviet."

Out on the steppe, unnoticed and unloved by any human being, a worm toiled painfully to its mean home.

Varinka Xenia Ignatievna spoke, slowly, weakly, as one worn out from labor. She had just given birth to a thought.

"Tell me, little connection-by-marriage," she said, "what was your reason for throwing the bomb into the crowd? Why did you kill the sentry?"

Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin smiled patiently.

"THERE is no reason, little fieldmouse," he answered. "If there were any reason for it, there would be no beauty. To fight and kill for any purpose soon becomes monotonous and dreary, a round of tedious duty. But to kill for no reason, to kill without knowing whom one is killing and to fight without knowing what one is fighting about—oh, that is truly beautiful! To see some stranger walking about, all unsuspecting, all innocent—and then to creep up on him, slay him deftly, and see the amazed look on his face as he falls in death; to hear the high, sweet shrieks of women and children, trapped in a burning house; to destroy those things of which thousands are in need; to rob everyone about of the things one does not need oneself; to kill those who strive to aid you; and to do it all with no reason save the joy of doing it—that is the true ecstasy of living. Life can hold no more glorious thing."

They sat in silence, throbbing with the

beauty of it all. Far away sounded the moan of a fox, caught in the savage teeth of a trap.

A FEW flakes of dirty gray snow fell, whirling dizzily through the air as if thrown out by an angry sky, falling painfully on the sullen steppe, and melting hopelessly away to a sickly transparency, abandoning all effort, in the desperation of despair, as if they realized that on all the earth there was no place where they were welcome even to die.

It grew colder. The cruel, piercing air penetrated to the very bone, carrying disease and death with it. A broken stone, dislodged from its place by the loathsome, crawling things beneath it, rolled off the side of the grave.

Varinka Xenia Ignatievna sat still, her eyes closed, her limbs twitching. Slowly, painfully, her feeble mind was striving to clutch at the glories of which he had told her. She sought to picture the scenes of glowing life that were even then occurring, somewhere far beyond the hideously vacant steppe. She forced herself, with all her brute peasant strength, to grasp at this vision of beauty, to see herself as part of it all. Overcome, she sank shivering beside the grave, her coarse fingers clutching at its crooked cross.

Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin paid no heed to her. He sat tense, his hands clenched, the broken nails biting deep into the hardened palms, living again his marvelous yesterday.

Far out on the steppe, hidden by a group of deformed trees, a litter of wolves was born into the ceaseless agony of life.

Suddenly the girl sprang heavily to her feet, the dull look, for the first time, gone from her eyes. Her roughened hands pulled frantically at the blouse of her lover.

"Come, Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin," she cried, her voice hoarse with passion, "come back to the beautiful! Take me with you to the glories of Bolshevism! Let me, too, see the glowing color of blood, let me hear the soft rip of knives, the deep note of bombs. My soul is sick with the morbid bitterness of peace—take me to the beautiful things of life! Even if your heart break with too much joy, let us go together into glorious, vital, pulsing life!"

Dmitri Petrevitch Tsibunin leaped up, kindled into action by her plea.

"You are right, batushka," he answered her. "You, too, must know the wonders of living. Your soul must not stagnate in the muck of quiet. Together we will make our way through life, killing, robbing, burning, plundering, torturing as we go, making each day more ecstatic than the one before. A glorious future stretches before us—come with me to the brighter life that your sick soul craves!"

TOGETHER they vanished down the dreary stretches of the steppe, their heavy figures dark against the death-like gray of the night. Silence and darkness closed in after them, wrapping the steppe in a cloak of impenetrable gloom.

A fly, its wings cruelly torn, dragged itself in its agony along the crooked cross that marked the head of the lone grave.



Mr. John D. Rockefeller

A Camera Portrait by Arnold Genthe

Italian Daredevils and a Tin Dolphin

By GUY LOWELL

Formerly Director of the Department of Military Affairs, American Red Cross in Italy

*"We were thirty, brave men and true;—
One-and-thirty,—for Death came too."*

SO wrote Gabriele D'Annunzio, he of the exuberant and mellifluous vocabulary, in his description of one of those brilliantly daring raids which the Italians are so fond of making, in tiny torpedo boats that are really nothing more than swift motor-launches, into the carefully guarded Austrian naval bases on the fort-edged eastern coast of the Adriatic.

D'Annunzio who never misses a chance to tell the world about the brave deeds of his brother officers in the Italian army or navy, has written a charming little description of the events on that misty night last February when the three little launches,—“cleaving the waves like naked swords,” dashed up the long and tortuous straits of the Quarnaro that lead to Fiume and to Buccari, and deep in the rock-bound and narrow-mouthed bay of Buccari itself, launched their well aimed torpedoes at the Austrian dreadnaught lying there with

what might seem a justifiable sense of security.

The enemy obviously believed that no Italian would dare come through the mine fields, by the ever watchful land batteries. And no one would have further believed that the little boats, each carrying ten men,—and Death, when they had once aroused the crew of the now sinking battleship, could escape through the phosphorescent waters back to the waiting cruiser out at sea. Escape they did, however, but before they left the search-lighted and bullet-whipped waters of the bay where all was in alarm around the wounded dreadnaught, D'Annunzio, to add the sting of insult to the mortification of a serious military injury, threw overboard from his launch several gaily beribboned floating bottles bearing written in his own handwriting the following taunt:—

“To the shame of the most cautious Austrian navy, always lying in strongly protected ports, there have come with steel and with fire, the sailors of Italy, ever ready to dare the undareable,—”

ONCE asked D'Annunzio, whom the Italians greatly admire because of the polychromatic phrases and the vocabularistic fireworks of the Annunzian style, what the Austrian sailors would do to him if they ever got him. “Hurry and collect the money offered for my capture, before I escape again,” he answered. A man of over fifty years of age with defective eyesight, he is brave to go even as a passenger on trips into enemy waters, on air raids to Vienna, on bombing flights across the Piave and they love him for his constant personal examples of courage and his inspiring words, whether to the arditi or shock troops, in the mountain-trenches about to make an attack, or to the sailors on the destroyers about to dash into the mine-fields, or to the men on his own bombing squadron ready to fly over Pola. His countrymen are grateful, too, because at the beginning of the war, the fierce heat of his flaming words welded Italy together to withstand the disrupting effect of (Continued on page 92)

Lord Dunsany in New York

His New Plays and His Gratitude to America

By FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE

HARDLY a season has passed since the green jade gods of Lord Dunsany first left their mountain home at Marma and descended, with the awful tread of living stone, upon the unhallowed places of Broadway. Yet in that brief space their creator has himself become a god in the Pantheon of the American theatre. He has become the Jupiter Tonans of his own imagined domain, Pegana: and now he is coming to New York. The theatregoers of America may see this man who comes, a soldier in the great war that was to-day, a poet in a kingdom that never was.

For Lord Dunsany is two men. As he said in a letter to Stuart Walker, whom he has quaintly called the American prophet of his gods, "I now incline to the theory that there are two Dunsanys; one the Dunsany in the army whom we have most of us seen, or at least heard of, who used to play cricket and hunt and shoot; and, the other, the one who writes things, or something of the sort. I don't quite know which of the two I am. What I am afraid is bound to happen soon is that some American will come over here and meet someone who knows me well, and will be assured that he is quite mistaken in thinking that I write plays; real plays anyhow. 'But,' he will be told, 'I know him quite well. I have soldiered with him. He doesn't write plays. For one thing he wouldn't have time. Besides, he isn't that kind of man.'"

Now America will have a chance to meet him, and, as it were, to choose between him both.

ALREADY this season New York has had the opportunity to hear and see Dunsany's plays again. One novelty only, "The Laughter of the Gods," has been presented thus far in the repertory of Mr. Stuart Walker's Company. Like the plays which first brought him to Broadway, the story of "The Laughter of the Gods" is a Dunsany story of fate, told in the direct manner of a Greek tragedy and in the language of the English bible breathed upon by the poet's own imagination. Man commits the sin of pride and is destroyed by the gods, "who never lie."

Two other Dunsany plays, new to New York, and included in the season's plans are "The Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles" and "The Tents of the Arabs," although the latter has been seen in other cities, and at private performances. It is a play about men, and tells the story of a camel driver who would be king, and a king who would be a camel driver, because he hated the city "with its narrow ways," and because his

longing cried aloud, "O that I might marry the child of some unkingly house that generation to generation had never known a city, and that we might ride from here down the long track through the desert, always we two alone, till we came to the tents of the Arabs."

"The Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles" is a play in which the gods do not appear or make themselves heard, although they are omnipresent. The Emperor's ambassador comes to the King of the Golden Isles and offers him a cup of wine for obeying the Emperor's edict and putting to death a criminal who had come to the King for sanctuary. The King asks the envoy what would have happened had he disobeyed the edict and sheltered the fugitive. The ambassador replies by bringing forth another cup in every way like the first except that the wine is poisoned. The King then declares that he has neither obeyed nor disobeyed the Emperor but has let the criminal escape. The emissary immediately throws away the cups and calls for two other vessels like the first—one of wine and one of poison. Since he has compromised, the King must choose one of them. Priests are sent for to divine which cup the King is to take. When

they have spoken the King doubts them, and drinks from the cup which they have not indicated. It is the good wine—he lives. For a moment the King is pleased, then he questions the priests and learns that it was the will of the gods, who hate compromise, that he drink the poison. He seizes the cup, drinks and dies. The will of the gods is accomplished.

THERE have also been revivals of the plays which awakened America's interest in Dunsany; "The Gods of the Mountain," "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior," and "The Golden Doom." Their performance recalls the fact that the Irish dramatist really found his first audience in this country, a fact which he frequently acknowledges in his letters to Mr. Walker. He has said, for example, "I have a great deal of gratitude to you for making me known to my friends, for we poets are not always born amongst our friends, but often a great way off, and sometimes it takes them hundreds of years to know us, and sometimes longer. . . . I owe you gratitude, too, for having built an inn in which for a while my wandering dreams can rest, but most of all I thank you for your enthusiasm, the only recompense that a poet needs, the only touchstone by which he can be interpreted."

And again—"That you should have contemplated taking my work as far as the Pacific is naturally flattering to a playwright, but that you should think of bringing my plays some day to Dublin is doubly delightful because we should then meet at my home which is only twenty miles away, and because Dublin is a town in which my work is so unknown that the thought of seeing it presented there is as fascinating as though you had told me that you were going to give a command performance of 'The Gods of the Mountains' before the Grand Llama of Thibet. (I can imagine the Llamaserie quite enjoying that play for a week, until they discovered that it had never actually happened, and so was without any vestige of historical value.)"

IT is somewhat remarkable that Americans should have found Dunsany, but after all they did the same thing with Bernard Shaw while the London managers were so doubtful of his worth that Granville Barker had to bribe one of them into giving "Candida" by making the production of Shaw's play a condition of his contract to put on the rest of the plays in the manager's repertory. It was the English, on the other hand, who first appreciated the American, Whistler.



Lord Dunsany, whose entire name is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, has been in active service since the beginning of the war, as Captain in the 5th Inniskilling Fusiliers. He has been wounded once. He was to have come to this country to be present at this season's production of his plays, but his visit has now been postponed until autumn.



The very first rule in the book, when it comes to pinning a percentage on your, so to speak, helpmate, is that when she is easy to gaze upon, then will the plague of male locusts certainly descend, and overrun your bungalow. N. B. The chap in the high hat is, of course, the groom



Have you ever noticed that when a lad has finally succeeded in marrying a very rich wife, she is always extremely hard to look at? So, boys, never marry a lady with a face like a road map of Long Island, simply because she and the mint store the same amount of bullion



And then there are the artistic wives—the ones who paint fruit, dead fish, and new fangled, right angled cubist ladies—undressed, of course. The tragedy with them is that, the better they paint the less they wash, and the more they are wedded to art the more they become divorced from hairdressing, the home, and the care of the little ones

Sketches by Sto

HERE is a secret! No wife is ever quite perfect. She simply can't be all things to any one man, poor dear. She must inevitably possess the defects that are inseparable from her virtues. If your wife is beautiful, for instance, she can't be intellectual. If she is athletic, she can't be tender. If she is from the chorus, she can't be grammatical. If she is artistic, she can't be tidy. If she is rich, she can't be easily ordered about. If she is fashionable, she won't be domestic. If she is rare and radiant to the eye, then she will have a horde of ardent admirers. Yes, men are very unreasonable about their wives. They never expect a dish at a dinner-party to partake of the qualities of all the other dishes, and yet they expect thirty entirely different flavors in one little wife. It's ridiculous, that's what it is, ridiculous.



Then, if you marry a typical society woman, you get about as much home life as Eugene Sue's poor old wandering Jew. It's all very well to dine out, now and again, at the Plaza, the Biltmore, etc., etc., but when your average for leaving the Crystal Room, at the Ritz, is 3 A. M., it's time to take out a hotel license of your own



And then, when your wife, by some miracle, does happen to be virtuous and kind and domestic and rather pretty, and she is an ideal housekeeper, why, then you simply can't keep awake when she's in the room

Little Tragedies of Married Life

Proving That the Only Way to Judge Your Wife Is by Her General Batting Average

About Nothing

Being an Essay on That Most Important and Pithy of Subjects

By RUPERT CROSS

THAT nothing is quite so interesting as nothing, despite what may at first impress the idiotic reader as mere smart-aleck paradox, is a fact simply proved. Nothing plays the most important part in our moods and lives and destinies. For example, when is a man happiest? Surely not when he is worried by something, but when nothing worries him. Again, for example, is it something that succeeds like success? Not at all. It is nothing that succeeds like success. And still again, for example, when is a man in the best of physical health? When something is the matter with him? No. When nothing is the matter with him.

Thus, nothing is not only so definite a quality or eventuality as something; it is a vastly more definite quality or eventuality. William Jennings Bryan, whose opinions amount to nothing, has capitalized those expressions of nothing on the Chautauqua circuit at something like three or four hundred dollars a lecture. The sagacious man who invented the liquor bottle into which nothing could be poured—the non-refillable bottle, as he called it—made a fortune, where the less acute men who turned out bottles into which something could be poured stood around with holes in their socks. “Much Ado About Nothing” is one of Shakespeare’s most pregnant, meaty, and successful plays. Annette Kellermann wears nothing and attracts twice as much attention as one of her contemporaries who wears something. Gertrude Stein conceived the clever idea of writing nothing in the way of poetry and, as a consequence, got herself promptly talked about all over the country where, had she tried to write something in the way of poetry, doubtless no one would ever have heard of her or paid the slightest attention to her.

MILLIONS of dollars have been expended on polar expeditions to find—nothing. The magnificent climax to one of Lord Dunsany’s most beguiling plays, “The Glittering Gate,” shows the two burglars cracking open the great doors of Heaven and finding—nothing. This revealed spectacle of nothing enchants the audience a hundredfold more than would a revealed picture of something. If something interferes with one’s plans, those plans are certain to go awry. If nothing interferes, prosperity ensues.

And yet, for all the certainty that nothing is thus vastly more important than something, no modern philosopher pays due attention to it, studies it, elucidates it.

Why is Joseph Conrad the greatest novelist writing in English? Among other reasons, because in each of his novels he brings out and reflects upon the meaninglessness, the nothingness, of life. Why do problem plays lose money in the theatre and “The Follies” play to as high as \$30,000 a week? Simply because problem plays deal with something and “The Follies” with nothing. Why is Mr. Clayton Hamilton looked on by the members of the Drama League as an intelligent critic of the drama? Because he often writes nothing about the drama, but devotes his pages instead to such sweet and irrelevant Pollyanna talk as (I quote a fairly recent sample from

a supposed critique of “The Better ‘Ole”): “Bairnsfather’s humor is the humor of two million men of England who have wallowed in the slime of Flanders and done their bit, and taken whatever might be coming to them for the sake of something not quite comprehensible, but vaguely beautiful and recognizably uproarious which called upon them to keep smiling lest they should suddenly be snatched away by death at some moment when a smile was absent from their lips!”

MANY of the greatest men in the nation have come up from nothing. Vaudeville comedians succeed only half-way when they try to amuse their audiences by an allusion to a concrete something—as, for instance, a Swiss cheese or a doughnut—but immediately they allude to a concrete nothing—as, for example, the holes in the Swiss cheese or the hole in the doughnut—their reward is a prompt and thundering laughter and applause.

The relative importance of nothing over something is clearly to be established, and very simply, by elementary mathematics. One, which is something, taken from 10 leaves 9. But nothing taken from 10—as everyone will readily observe—leaves only 1. Nothing is therefore of 9 times the relative importance of 1. When a man is driven by adversity to the thought of suicide, does he not confess to the overpowering fatality of nothing rather than something in his invariable confession that “Nothing matters”?

Some of the world’s wisest men and women have, in the past, devoted their most profound efforts to a discussion of nothing, and the effects of nothing on love, life and death. “There is nothing,” wrote Vauvenargues, for example, “that fear or hope does not make men believe.” Said Balzac, “Nothing will content a man’s first love but the last love of a woman.” And again, “A lover who is not everything to a woman is nothing.” And still again, for Balzac was ever deeply intrigued by the importance of our subject, “Nothing exasperates married men so much as finding their wives at every step between them and their desires, however transient.” And still yet again, “It is nothing to give life to children: to nurse them is to give them life every moment.” Wrote Rochefoucauld, “Nothing should so much diminish the satisfaction which we feel with ourselves as seeing that we disapprove at one time of that which we approve of at another.” “Nothing is indifferent,” observed Mme. Alphonse Daudet. “A falling pink has its weight and is heard on the ground, and the leaves of a withering poppy have the sound of alternate and numerous falls.” A sharp thought! How better may the importance of what seems to be approximately and relatively nothing be expressed?

“ONE who knows nothing believes that everything may be learned,” said Jean Richepin, thus attesting to the potential value of knowing nothing, since the knower of nothing, believing that everything may be learned, has faith, enterprise, a dogged will and courage. “Nothing,” to go back to Rochefoucauld, who appreciated as few men the gravity of

nothing, “nothing is a greater impediment to being natural than the desire to seem natural.” Observe closely, too, the even more profoundly appreciative and discerning Madame Swetchine, “To do nothing is not always to waste one’s time.” And the even still more perspicacious Madame de Staël, who recorded that “Nothing is an excuse to act against one’s principles.” For a definition of the precise nature of the nothing that gave Madame an excuse to act against her principles, I must needs refer you to Weininger’s unveiling treatise on “Sex and Character.” Arsène Houssaye had doubtless in mind a climax—as the Harvard *Lampoon* once observed of its New Haven rival’s “For God, for country, and for Yale!”—when he paid a tribute to the importance and value of nothing in his famous remark, “Women give themselves away for money, for love, or for nothing.”

SLANG, that medium of expression so much more direct and illuminating than more precise language, very well establishes, by virtue of this simple directness, the importance of nothing over something. When slang desires to say that a thing is certain or that this or that is certain of accomplishment, does it say “There’s something to it”? It does not. It says—appreciating more acutely than the precise form of speech the fact that nothing is of twice the positive quality of something—it says, “There’s nothing to it!”

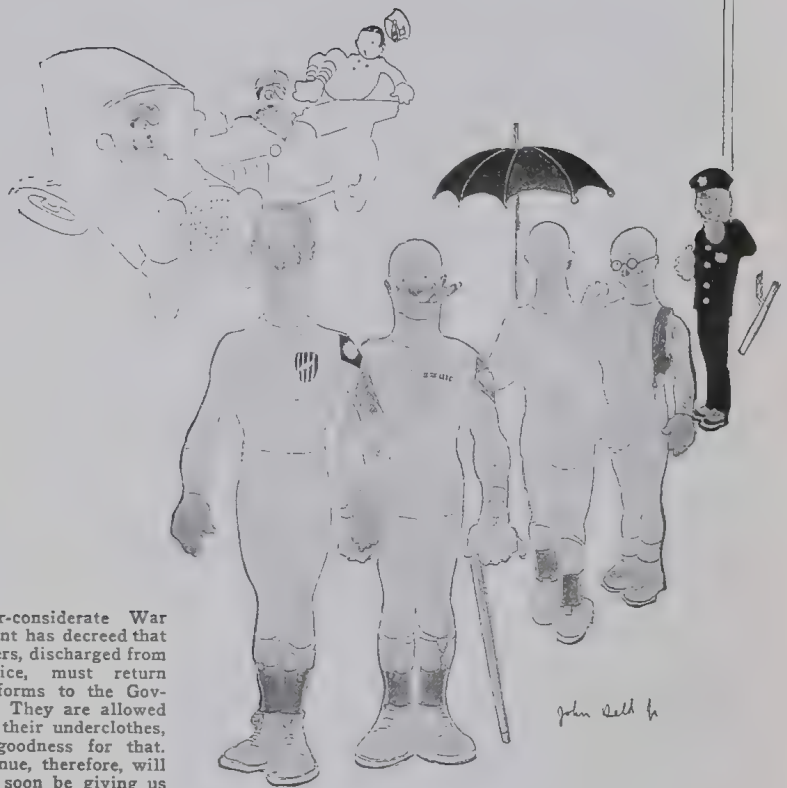
I have referred above to the greater potential value of nothing as against something so far as the professional stage comedian or literary humorist is concerned. Let me elaborate the point. The highest salaried and most successful comedians and humorists are not those whose humor consists in a capitalization of something, but those whose humor consists in a capitalization of nothing. Will Rogers prefaces each of his nightly monologues with the statement that he will address the audience on nothing in particular. Weber and Fields, in their heyday, won their loudest reward of hand-clapping with the well-remembered dialogue in which a certain Miss Nutting, mentioned by Fields, was taken by Weber to mean that he must miss nothing. Nonsense, which means—obviously—no sense, i.e., nothing by way of sense, has made the reputations of Lewis Carroll and Edmund Lear. The presence in it of nothing has brought the “Alexandra” of the Greek Lycophron to be regarded as the origin of the French seventeenth century amphigouri. By writing of absolutely nothing—literally—Henry Cary gained long life for his famous “Chrononhotonthologos” (which means nothing), as did Pope for his “Song, By A Person of Quality” with its memorable verses about nothing as, for instance:

“Melancholy smooth Maëander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margins lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crowned.”

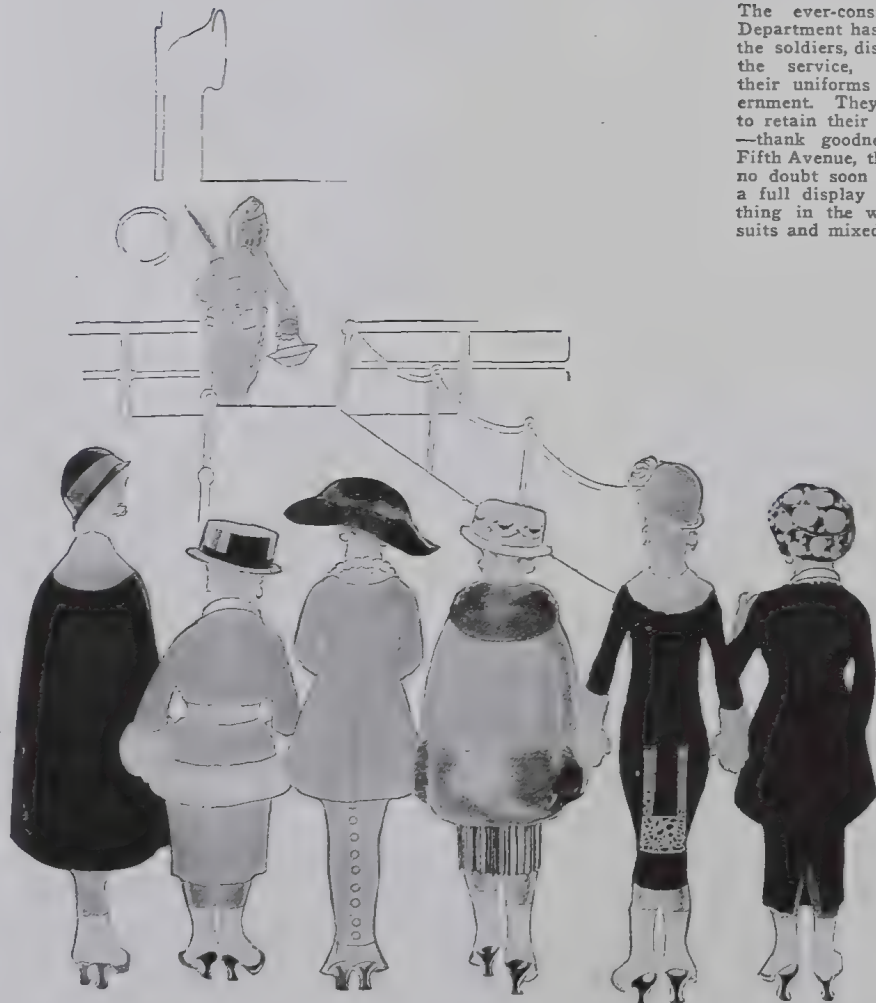
The famous “Jabberwocky,” “The Quangle Wangle Gee” and “The Yonghy Bonghy Bo,” being concerned with utterly nothing, have lived and will doubt- (Continued on page 96)



"Lawd o' Mercy, Geawge Washinton, but you mus' be a brave soldier! How'd you git all dem medals?"
 "I won 'em."
 "For shootin' Germans?"
 "Naw. Shootin' craps."



The ever-considerate War Department has decreed that the soldiers, discharged from the service, must return their uniforms to the Government. They are allowed to retain their underclothes, —thank goodness for that. Fifth Avenue, therefore, will no doubt soon be giving us a full display of the latest thing in the way of union suits and mixed balbriggans



The girls he left behind him—that joyous moment when the returned hero finds that all the girls he has been writing to from the front have come down to the pier to meet him, as a delightful little surprise. The returned hero is seriously considering taking the next boat back to France, and settling permanently when he gets there



Sketches by
John Held, Jr.

"Look here, young man, there's a limit to some things a débütante motor corps chaufferette will stand for! My oath of duty compels me to carry a carload of wounded soldiers, saturated with iodoform; or a herd of gold lieutenants, smoking French cigarettes. But nothing compels me to turn my Rolls-Royce into a junk cart. You walk!"

Welcome Home

IT'S Old Home Week all over our grand and glorious Union, now that the soldiers have at last agreed to call it a war, and come back from France. Life is a much brighter affair than it was a while ago, when all the boys were away shooting hundreds of Boche a week in Europe.

Things are so much more exciting since we have a large assortment of heroes right in our very midst. Here are a few of the more exhilarating events in the lives of the veterans who have returned to these, broadly speaking, United States from their ideal tour of the western front.

The Pinhead

A Harrowing Tragedy of Married Life

By CAMI

Published by permission of Cami, and Flammarion, Paris.

First Act: A Tragic Moving Day

Scene: The Apartment of the Erratic Husband and his Embittered Wife

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

THAT was a great idea I just had,—to cut all our furniture up into little pieces, like a picture puzzle. It enables us discreetly to remove all our belongings,—now that our lease has expired. In a few trips, this morning, I transported nearly all our furniture into the new apartment which we are going to occupy.

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

Did not the janitor notice anything?

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

Not a thing. You know that the pieces of furniture are not any larger than lumps of sugar. It is quite easy to hide them in one's pockets. The janitor saw me go out. Little did he think that the pockets of my overcoat contained a bed and the dining-room table!

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

Oh, what a life! You insane creature! It would be better if you made enough money to pay your month's rent, instead of deforming your pockets by stuffing them full of furniture.

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

I? Lazy? Do not blaspheme, madam! Remember that whenever we move into a new apartment, it takes us nearly two months and a half to piece together the fragments of our puzzle. Lazy, indeed! No sooner is all the furniture arranged than I have to begin thinking again about transferring it to some new abode.

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

Don't chatter so much, but work. You still have 17,625 pieces of the looking-glass to take out, and 5,454 pieces of the ice-box.

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

I mustn't waste any time. *(With the aid of a pair of sugar-tongs, he removes, one by one, all the pieces of glass from the mirror.)* It is done now.

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

All right. I will wrap up the looking-glass in this old newspaper. *(She counts the pieces before wrapping them up.)* 17,625,—that's right. Put the ice-box, as usual, in your overcoat pocket, and let's be off.

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

Yes. Let's be off. *(In pocketing the ice-box, he lets fall a few pieces.)*

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

Pick them up, clumsy creature! You have never been able to manage your eleven fingers successfully.

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

Make as much fun of me as you like, madam. Is it my fault that Mother Nature has endowed me with an extra finger?

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

Be quiet—Pinhead!

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND *(infuriated)*

Pinhead, indeed! This insult is more than I can bear! *(He springs forward, seizes his embittered wife, pinches her nostrils with a nut-cracker, and closes her mouth with the sugar-tongs. She falls, choked to death.)*

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND *(regaining his habitual calm)*

One should never lose one's temper. I must try to make amends for this moment of bad humor. *(He takes a saw and cuts his wife into small pieces, which he wraps up in a newspaper.)* I must now disperse these fragments of my poor wife in various deserted quarters of the city. It is the classical way, and nothing equals the classics. *(He starts to go out.)* Oh! I was forgetting the package containing the pieces of the looking-glass. Every trifle makes me lose my head. *(He takes the package containing his wife in his right hand, carries the one containing the mirror in his left, and, with the ice-box in the pocket of his overcoat, he leaves the apartment.)*

I have already consumed a great deal of alcohol. I think I shall go into this café to drink,—drink more and still more. *(He reels into the café; two minutes later, he comes out, staggering more than ever.)* Now I shall throw the remaining pieces of my poor wife into this man-hole. At last my gruesome job is finished. I must hasten to my new apartment. I already feel remorse invading my soul and congealing my heart,—however, I suppose that is usual, under the circumstances. *(He exits, still holding the other newspaper package.)*

Third Act: The Tender Helpmate

Scene: The new apartment

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND *(entering)*

Here I am in my new apartment. The dawn is coming. I can now begin to reconstruct all my furniture. This package contains the fragments of the looking-glass. *(He begins to fit the pieces together.)* My hand is trembling, my sight is obscured. I have drunk too much—too much—too much! *(He continues to piece together the fragments.)* My work is almost finished. I only have three pieces left. I am working mechanically—without seeing. I fit the pieces together by sheer force of habit. I have drunk too much—too much. There! The last piece is fitted in! The looking-glass is reconstructed!

THE EMBITTERED WIFE

You must indeed be very drunk to take me for a looking-glass!

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND *(instantly becoming sober)*

Great Heavens! I understand everything! I drank to keep up courage, Thus I mixed up the two packages, and threw the pieces of the mirror away. And now I have reconstructed my wife, by mistake.

THE EMBITTERED WIFE *(in a terrible voice)*

What! You threw away the pieces of the looking-glass! Well—I always said you didn't amount to anything! But you must indeed be the least of men, and the first drunkard in the land, to strew the streets with fragments of a looking-glass made of imitation oak.

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND

But . . .

THE EMBITTERED WIFE *(throwing her arms about his neck, in a paroxysm of rage)*

Be still! If you had not taken too much to drink this would never have happened and I should not be here to tear your hair! You should never, never have mixed up the packages.



"If you had not taken too much to drink I should not be here to tear your hair!"

Second Act: Remorse

Scene: A deserted quarter of the city. It is long past midnight

THE ERRATIC HUSBAND *(enters, reeling)*

I have just thrown a few pieces of my poor wife into the river. To keep up my courage,

THE FRILLIEST OF

SMALL PERSONS MAY

BE TAILORED SOME-

TIMES, OR VICE VERSA

MODELS FROM HOLLANDER

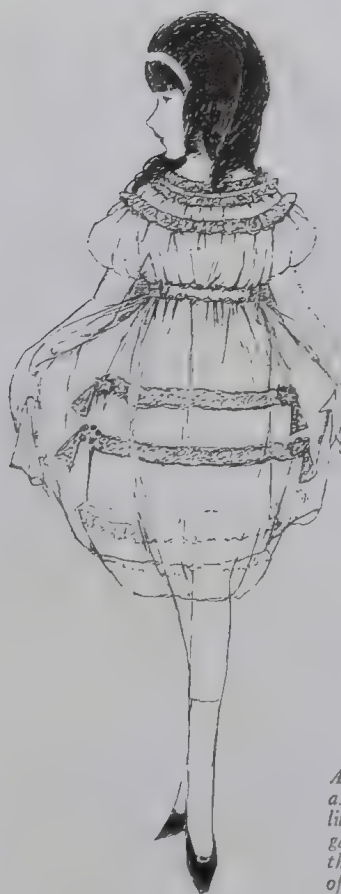
Even the busiest of fluffy little dogs must take time to admire a frock of white handkerchief linen striped in dots of "Legion blue." The straight blouse is loose from the neck and is in the blue; the sleeves have cuffs of blue, and the collar, too, is blue. Then, since no little girl's frock is complete without a bow somewhere, little straps of the blue tie around the long-waisted blouse into a bow at the back. The poke bonnet that tops her curls inclines to mushroom shape and is made of the striped linen with an edge of blue and a blue bow at the front.



Alice Boughton.



When one is as old as fourteen short years, one longs for a street costume with a cape. This one, which may be worn with any frock, is of navy blue taffeta edged softly with blue angora wool and having a vest and collar of white piqué that give a smartly tailored air. The gown is of navy blue Canton crêpe, made with a square neck and trimmed on the skirt with a chain-stitch design in old-blue wool. Red cherries without leaves grow around the blue taffeta of the mushroom-shaped leghorn hat.



A frock as full of party airs and graces as it is frilly with lace is made for a gay little person. This one is of white Georgette crêpe over rose chiffon cloth. Across the front of the skirt and bodice are rows of Valenciennes lace finished with handmade silk roses in pastel colourings.



One doesn't have to wait to grow up to be correctly tailored; one can be just twelve years old and wear a pleated skirt of Shepherd's plaid, a plain box-coat of black velvet trimmed with black silk braid, and a smart little hat in dark blue satin with a dashing smoked pearl buckle studding the front. There is a blouse, too, of white pussy-willow silk with tucks on the shoulders and a pleated collar and cuffs to match.



The cape has a popularity that knows no age limits. This military cape of heavy dark blue serge is lined with red flannel and trimmed with gilt military buttons, yet in spite of its impressive martial air, it is meant for a little girl. The turn-down hat is of cream Milan straw and has a navy blue border and a navy blue grosgrain band.

MODELS FROM DE PINNA

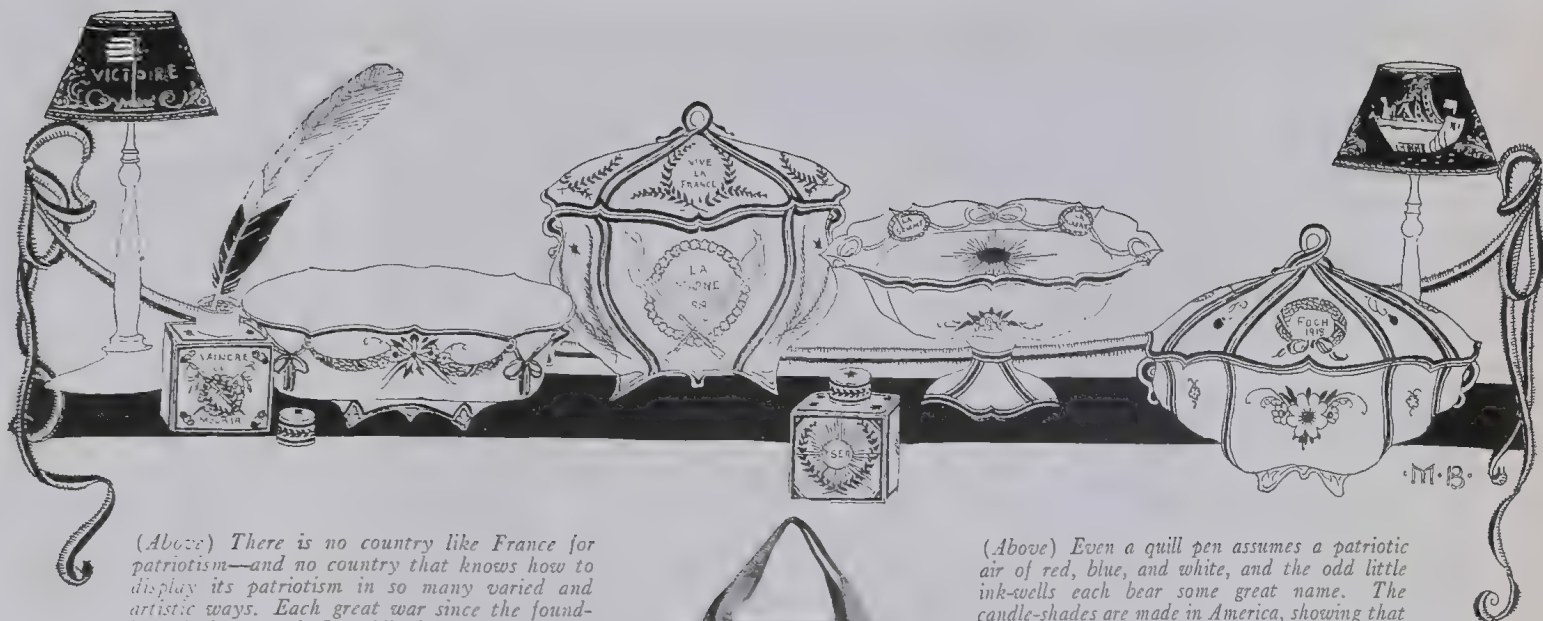


One could never suspect the little head above this demure white organza frill of harbouring one impish thought. The frock itself is quaintly sedate with spots of mignonette green scattered on its white ground in orderly profusion. There are touches of green woollen embroidery and a slender black patent leather belt. The dress is worn over a little guimpe of sheer white organza.

Even a very young lady likes as smart a costume as this with a box pleated skirt of blue, red, and yellow plaid, and a box-coat of dark blue serge bound in black silk braid and trimmed with round gilt buttons and loops of braid. Under it is a frilly white linen blouse, and over it, a deep mushroom hat of dark blue Milan faced with red.

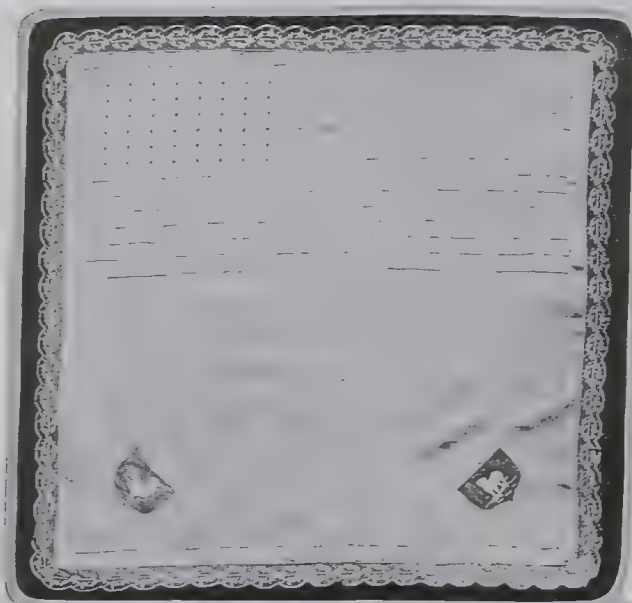


A spring posy bed might well have inspired the creator of this merry daisy dress which is made of white muslin in long sleeves and green bloom in neat square patches, outlined in dark blue, a darker violet than the track. The guimpe or finely ruffled bodice is also outlined in dark blue and is the colour of a daisy bud.



(Above) There is no country like France for patriotism—and no country that knows how to display its patriotism in so many varied and artistic ways. Each great war since the founding of the French Republic has been followed by a period ardent with tricolour and gay with national symbols. Such again is the period of today. The compotiers and tureens of quaint shops bear on their cream ground a blending of tricolour, laurel wreaths, and victorious inscriptions; from Wanamaker

(Above) Even a quill pen assumes a patriotic air of red, blue, and white, and the odd little ink-wells each bear some great name. The candle-shades are made in America, showing that this country, too, is becoming enthusiastic over patriotic art. On a brilliant turquoise blue, vivid orange, pale green, or black background, rises a white ship in full sail. On the reverse side is the word "Victoire," flashing white against the darker ground; shades and cushion below: from Au Panier Fleuri



Jean Lauer, famed long for his unusual chintzes, has found modern events as worthy of chronicling as those preserved in the storied linens and chintzes of Directoire creation. One of his famous "Toiles de Guerre," with audacious American design, has been made into a convenient sized knitting-bag mounted with blue. It shows but one of the many uses to which these fascinating chintzes are put



Though we are very literal in our renderings of red and blue and white, the French take great liberties with their tricolour, and the results are always artistic and charming. This tea-cloth of batiste, characteristically French for all its stars and stripes, is entirely in white, even to the shields of France and England that decorate two corners. The exquisite handiwork and its quaint inspiration make the cloth very rare; from Madame Kargère

The triumph of Napoleon, as well as the costumes and pleasures of his day, formed the pattern for many a Directoire "toile." Jean Lauer has designed an American chintz in much the same manner. On a white ground are picturesque and curious groups in two shades of grey blue,—cowboys, Indians, the New York sky-line, the Capitol, and many other scenes, blending into a mellow fabric. The oval cushion is embroidered with vivid flags

THE PERVADING SPIRIT OF
VICTORY IS REFLECTED IN
QUAINTLY PATRIOTIC AND
CHARMING DECORATIONS



America has been more than successful in this tribute to France. The tricolour, in all its brilliance, is skillfully blended into a design with the crowing cock, the cockade, and the laurel of victory. Around the centre is a border of many blue stars. The cover is of unbleached muslin 3 yards by 2½ yards. The handiwork is exquisite, and the whole charming and delicate effect combines to form something that may be handed down through coming years as both valuable and historic; from Au Panier Fleuri

Un teint frais et naturel
est un don précieux que l'on reçoit en naissant.

Conservez-le afin de rester jeune.

“Vous resterez jeune, Madame,
aussi longtemps que votre teint.”

LA POUDRE NILDÉ



Permet de posséder *Toujours* un teint ayant toute la fraîcheur naturelle de la jeunesse parce qu'elle protège la peau contre ses ennemis de tous les instants: le soleil ou le froid, le vent, la poussière, la pluie. La Poudre Nildé est vendue dans une boîte-tamis élégante et pratique. Le tamis évite le gaspillage de la poudre qui se produit avec les boîtes ordinaires. Il en règle, de façon automatique, la distribution sur la houppe fournie dans chaque boîte, rendant aisé ce poudrage invisible qui donne au visage l'esthétique rêvée. Il assure aussi une très grande économie.

Nuances: Rachel, Naturelle, Blanche, Rose, Basanée.

PRIX:

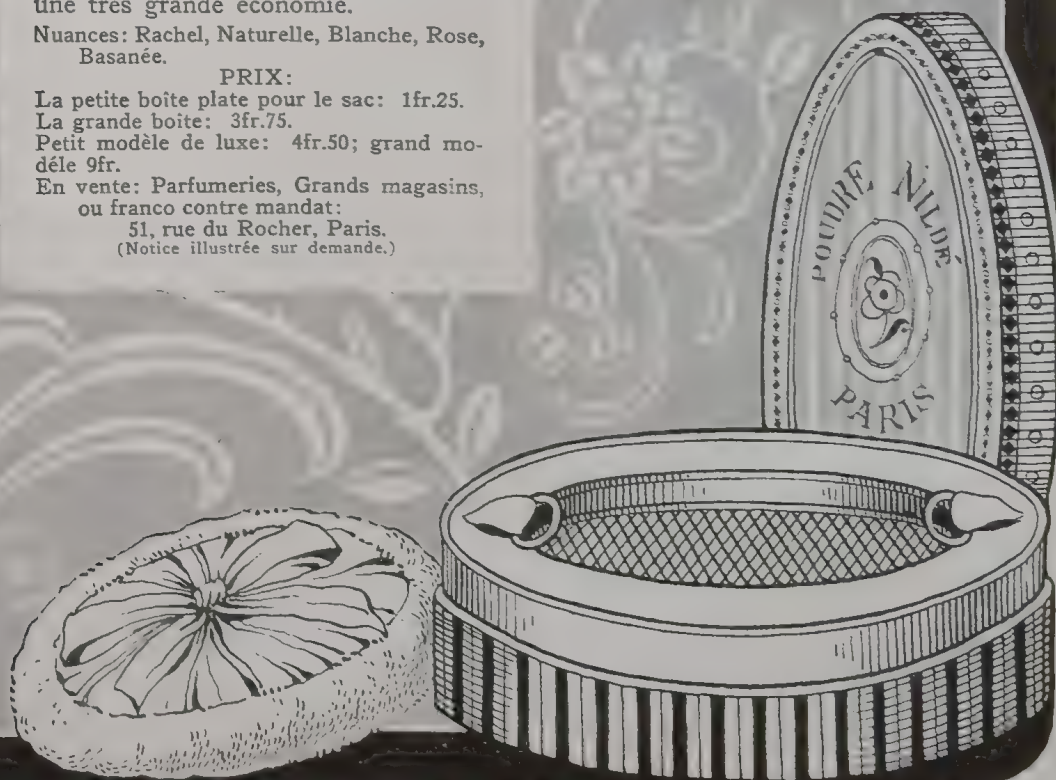
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ACCESSORIES DESIGNED BY IRIBE

(Continued from page 41)

Perhaps the hat may be classified as the most important of those articles which are called accessories. It is hardly possible, of course, to decree a general mode among them, any more than it is possible to ask every woman to dress her hair in the same manner. One has to take into consideration what kind of frame best suits the face, and just what dips, tilts, and curves accentuate the shadows of those brilliant eyes, the oval outline of a smooth cheek, or the saucy tip of a rounded chin. Little hats or big, simple hats or complicated, hats for morning wear or for tea, hats for country sports or tulle creations for evening splendour—all of these bits of satin, feathers, and straw remain very nearly independent of fashion and express their whims in a manner rich and varied.

This summer hats are to be of every conceivable shape. Those shown on pages 41 and 42 are of fine soft straw combined deftly with faille and taffeta and trimmed with feathers, tulle, and flowers. Whether one chooses a dashing little turban, or whether one shadows her smiles beneath the mystery of drooping brims, with such a field to choose from, the results ought surely to be happy.

ARTICLES OF DIMINUTIVE CHARM

Besides hats, there is that realm of infinite whim and fancy which best expresses itself in parasols, veils, gloves, fans, belts, vanity cases, and cigarette boxes. Nor must one forget those trifles of lace and linen known as handkerchiefs, or the silk of stockings, and the romance that may be turned into slippers. Parasols have been known to change the fate of nations, tipped airily to one side or lowered discreetly. The one shown on page 40 has a handle of tortoise-shell and a flippant little bow so placed that when the parasol is opened it hangs from the edge.

Cosmopolitan in their tastes, bags toy gaily with many materials, colours, and shapes, and touch themselves with traceries of beads or shining embroidery. And what can one not say for those frail aids to feminine beauty known as vanity cases? In gold or lacquered wood they are ready to be hidden in the silk depths of a purse or to swing from slender chains until one slips from them an airy little puff, a drift of powder.

Fans are as old as coquetry, older than romance. One may never own too many of these fancies of slender painted sticks and delicate silk. The one shown on page 40 is of ebony and is painted on ivory or parchment. Around

the neck of the lady at the right on page 40 is a necklace of pearls with a large sapphire clasp. The gloves of the interested lady bending over the table to examine the bag, fasten on the top with buckle of diamonds.

All these delightful affairs are being called "frivolities," a term of injustice, surely, since nothing which adds loveliness to beauty and grace can be called either frivolous or superfluous. Every woman knows just what best suits her individuality, even in the world of evanescent charm in little things. She must choose them all with consummate care—if her hair is gold and her face like Dresden china, her fan, too, must be frail and ivory-wrought and tinted with roses. If, however, hers is a beauty dark and severe, every detail of her costume must be selected to accentuate that particular type.

ACCESSORIES EXPRESS PERSONALITY

Nor must one be fearful of making a mistake or shrink timidly before the task of selecting these diminutive and fateful articles. Too often women are afraid to express their own personality and to depart from the general vogue far enough to stand out as delightful and distinct pictures. As a result they become mere manikins for dressmakers whose taste is certainly not always infallible. Although I naturally prefer a woman with good taste rather than with bad, most of all I hate a lack of any taste whatsoever. A woman should not hesitate to choose that which expresses her own personality, her own ideas, her own charm. Although mistakes may occur, at least one always remains oneself, which is far better than never to have made an error and at the same time, never to have been anything. American creators are offering, at the present time, a bewildering store of delightful objects which are all the result of ingenious and exquisite taste. That strange bag with the dull red beads may be meant for you, Toilette, or the parasol with its fateful and frail conceits of silk. They have all been designed, and it only remains for you to have them executed.

And your fresh straw hat, Annabel, and your dress of pale linen do not make you appear too different because, happily, you do not care to be conspicuous among other refined and elegant women. But, if you put around your neck a necklace of jade and amethyst, then you would capture harmony and mystery and charm, since your eyes, too, are disturbing pools of jade and deeper amethyst.

PAUL IRIBE.





No artist could overlook the decorative possibilities of the camel, but it requires the ability of a McBey to handle that much-used theme with the spirit and grace of line of "The Long Patrol Tracks Discovered"

A R T

(Continued from page 70)

seated figures, set high against a background of unbroken sky, even as one sees the aeroplanes, give the impression of a wholly new type developed in the human race by the demands of war. Young, they are, keen of face and clean of limb, with an air of superlative control of muscles and of nerves superhumanly fine and sure, with eyes that seem to have gauged a distance farther than the human eye has ever known.

Two canvases which bring to mind the clever daring of the Orpen of peace times are those entitled "The Refugee A" and "The Refugee B." In the first, a slender, fair-haired, young girl, clad in indiscriminate garments which seem not to belong to her, sits with hands dropped in her lap in helpless acceptance of sorrow too great to be borne. The great brown eyes, in which hopeless tears are ready to follow the countless tears already shed, look unseeing before her, as at a world bereft of all that made life dear. "The Refugee B" looks back to the days before the war and presents the same face glowing with youth and beauty, the face of a girl gently born and tenderly reared, to whom life is joy and sorrow but a name.

Less in number but not in interest are the exquisitely sensitive wash drawings of James McBey, official artist of the British forces in the East. The hand of the etcher is apparent in these

compositions of colour and delicate forceful line and is admirably fitted to portraying this most picturesque of all the campaigns. Long camel trains move swiftly across the desert through a moonlit blue haze, immense guns are moved to place, also by the uncertain moonlight, and scouting parties on camels gather in excited groups to discuss trails in the sand. Turbaned natives move to and fro on the wharves besides great ships, native villages stand out in the brilliant light of the desert, framed in the dark timbers of some shelter from which the artist looks, or, again, a bugler silhouetted against the clear sky of an eastern dawn sounds reveille above a sea of sleeping tents, white against the desert sand. All the light and colour and spaciousness of the East is in these drawings with their simple washes and sensitive line, and one looks forward with interest to seeing the influence of this Eastern experience on McBey's etchings.

It is a far cry from these works of forceful subject and masterly execution to the languid grace of the American Water Color Club, which held its fifty-second annual exhibition, during February, at the galleries of the National Arts Club. The exhibition was a large one, despite war conditions, but in quality it fell below even the very moderate average maintained by our water colour artists.



"The Coast of Holland," by William G. Robinson, contributed interest where interest was much to be desired, at the exhibition of the American Water Color Club held during February at the National Arts Club



Mohawk SILK GLOVES

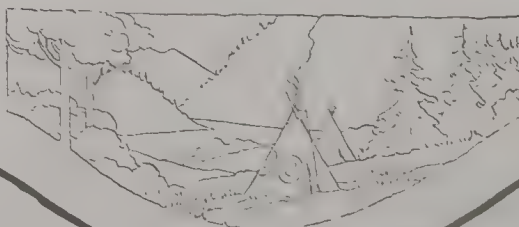


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"F. B. & C." Kid is made only from imported kid skins. As shipping facilities are still impeded, and shoes of these fine leathers in greater demand than ever a scarcity is bound to result. Early buying is strongly advised.

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Look for these "F. B. & C." Trade marks stamped on the inside of shoes. They assure "The Best There Is" in Fashion and Leather.



F.B. & C. Kid

Fashion Publicity Company
of New York



WAR WORK OF AN AMERICAN CLUB

(Continued from page 59)

Mrs. Frederick Sharer as treasurer of this American committee.

The Lost Nationality Committee, under the chairmanship of Lady Lowther, who was Miss Alice Blight of Philadelphia, has proved one of the most valuable activities of the club. This committee was formed to aid women and children who technically come under no other committee and are therefore often in dire distress for lack of help. It deals with many interesting and complicated cases, of which the following is an instance. An English woman who had married a Belgian went with him to America, where they had lived five years when the war began. The husband did not take out naturalization papers, so was not a citizen of the United States, but by his residence abroad he had lost his citizenship as a Belgian. At the outbreak of the war, the family returned to England and the husband enlisted in the Belgian army and was killed, leaving his wife, in sad truth, a woman without a country. For every problem known to society, and many problems novel to the world, have been cast up in this vast upheaval of war. The Lost Nationality Committee works on the same lines as the American Committee, visiting the applicants, helping them with advice, obtaining employment for them, and assisting them with funds when that may be necessary.

One of the finest pieces of work accomplished by the American Women's Club is that of its Care Committee for Soldiers and Sailors, which has recently been taken under the wing of the Red Cross. This work has grown to enormous proportions, and it will be continued until the last wounded or sick man of our Army or Navy leaves England for home.

Under the direction of Mrs. Robert Peet Skinner, wife of the American Consul-general, American women have entertained soldier and sailor boys, visited them in hospitals, and brought comfort generally to thousands of homesick Americans who were wounded

while serving with the British forces. This committee made it a business to search out these boys in the British hospitals and minister to their needs. Many were the wounds made less burdensome, the shell shocks hastened to recovery by the diversion of motor rides, teas, music, and theatre parties arranged by these American women. Boys who had lost everything in mine explosions, submarine attacks or other vicissitudes of war, found their needs supplied, and candy, cigarettes, dainties from home, with American magazines and newspapers helped make the men forget their troubles and set them on the road to quick recovery.

The devotion of the members of the club to their great work has been beyond praise. As first vice-president, Viscountess Harcourt, (Miss Mary Ethel Burns of New York, a niece of the late J. Pierpont Morgan), has found time to answer every demand made. Yet Viscountess Harcourt is one of the busiest women in London, for she was one of the chief organizers of the American hospitals in England and has almost lived in her hospital uniform since the beginning of the war. The Honourable Lady Ward has been a most earnest worker on the Executive Committee, and much of the great success of the Committee for Infant Welfare has been due to the untiring work of Mrs. John Astor, Mrs. William B. Leeds, Mrs. Robert McClellan, Mrs. Chester Beatty, and Mrs. Walter Burns. Although living in Washington much of the time, Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover, also, maintained a vital interest in the work of this club.

Now that war, if not war work, is over, the club will resume its normal social gaieties and will take up again the musicales, teas, lectures, and art exhibitions which have been pushed into the background by sterner matters. The club-house has a number of rooms for the accommodation of visiting Americans, who meet there the most distinguished of their countrywomen who are now living in England.

THE FINALE OF FORMAL DINNERS

(Continued from page 51)

chological thing, but is due to the fact that coffee is a stimulant, one of the few which give a bracing effect.

IN THE MAKING

The preparation of coffee, though it has never developed the elaborate ceremonial of Japanese tea-making, is none the less a serious matter and subject to rules which must not be infringed.

The coffee berry, which is usually purchased roasted and ready for grinding, is made up of fibrous cells visible under the microscope, and in these is stored the whole value of coffee, the aromatic oils. These oils are released by grinding, and the finer the coffee is ground, the more quickly and more thoroughly are these oils extracted by boiling water. In pulverized coffee the oils are instantly soluble in boiling water. It therefore follows that coarsely ground coffee is unopened coffee, coffee thrown away.

It should be kept in mind, however, that when ground coffee is left in open packages, the oil is exposed to the air and evaporates. Ground coffee should always be kept in airtight and moisture-proof containers.

From scientific researches, including chemical analysis of coffee made by

various methods, the fundamental principles of coffee making have been clearly established. These principles are simple and, when once understood, enable one to judge accurately the merits and defects of the various coffee-making devices on the market. They constitute the law of coffee making.

The secret of the whole matter lies in the fact that correct brewing is not cooking. It is a process of extraction of the aromatic oils, already cooked in roasting, from the surrounding fiber, which has no drinkable value. Boiling or stewing coffee tends to cook in this fibre, which should be wholly discarded as dregs; and thus damages the flavour and clearness of the resulting liquid.

The aromatic oils, constituting the whole true flavour, are extracted instantly by boiling water when the cells are thoroughly opened by fine grinding.

THE VALUE OF FINE GRINDING

The undesirable elements, being less quickly soluble, are left in the grounds in their quick and brief contact of coffee and water. The coarser the coffee is ground, the less accessible are the oils to the water, and this accounts for the impossibility of getting strength from coffee which is not ground finely enough.



Miss Sheila Byrne, now an interesting débutante, wears the smartest of small hats, a bit of black straw and very much black silk tassel

SPRING ADVANCES ON NEW YORK

(Continued from page 52)

design of broad herring-bone stripes. The only substantial things about this wrap were the extravagant collar of taupe fox and the broad band of this same fur at the edge of the sleeves, and its great charm lay in the way it seemed to drip from the figure. Even the throw, which was flung about the neck beneath the fur collar, was of the black net, though quite heavily weighted with jet ornaments. Black stockings of gossamer thinness, with a line of about the weight of a linen thread running through them at intervals of perhaps three-quarters of an inch, appeared above her slender black satin pumps and represented that conservative mingling of elegance and novelty which is the basis of chic in the accessories of dress.

A NEW MODE IN GLOVES

Gloves have now come to be so much a part of the more formal evening costume that one scarcely notes them, but these gloves are, as a rule, white. Not so the gloves worn by a distinguished grey-haired woman who appeared in one of the boxes at the Metropolitan recently. With a black chiffon gown, elaborately collared with *point de Venise* lace and a wide black dog-collar with diamond slides, she wore long black suede gloves which ended just above the elbows—some inches below the very short sleeves of her gown.

Though gayer times have come upon us, much black continues to be seen in the new evening gowns. The vogue for black velvet has decreased, but black net and black lace are still with us in impressive quantities. Black with black hair, if a woman's skin is good, is remarkably effective. Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas, for instance, illustrates strikingly the effectiveness of black when worn by black-haired women. About town she is exceedingly smart, these days, in a suit of black cloth with a short box-coat and a scant straight skirt. Straight down the front of the coat, there is a line of Persian lamb, and a little flat collar and cuffs of the same material finish the coat. With it, she wears a low hat of black faille with a straight brim of conservative size, and this, too, is banded with Persian lamb.

At the Chu Chin Chow Ball, which was the third of the big costume dances of the winter, Mrs. Douglas was one of the few women who managed to escape the very rigorous regulations in regard to costume. She came in a

gown of black chiffon cut with a deep point at the back and made very simply save for an apron of the filmy stuff, which came across the back instead of the front of the gown and was weighted with two rows of ribbon velvet. The very simplicity of this frock made it charming with her black hair and her wonderful rope of pearls.

Signs of the new silhouette seem to be rather slow in making their appearance in New York, but now and then one does get a hint of the new line, as in the frock which Miss Lucile Baldwin wore recently at the Club de Vingt. The main substance of the gown was blue gabardine and the blouse was undoubtedly cut on Bulgarian lines, coming down well over the hips after the fashions of the clothes worn about five years ago. There was a panel of gay metallic embroidery down the centre of the back and front, and the upper sleeves were of this material, which combined soft tones of blue and red and yellow. Short sleeves threaten to be with us again, and one begins to see them both in frocks and in separate blouses. Many of the new short-sleeved blouses have little apron fronts, as though to make up for their lack in one respect by an increase in another.

THE SEASON JUSTIFIES THE EARLY STRAWS

So mild has been the winter that the usual early influx of straw hats has not its wonted effect of taking time excessively by the forelock, and perhaps it is owing to the temperate season that this type of headwear made its appearance so early and in such generous numbers. Just as one makes up one's mind that the new spring hats will surely be small, at least such of them as are smart, lo and behold, along comes a whole battalion of large hats to change one's belief. Two new hats, just about as far apart in character as it is possible for hats to be, but both of them worn by smart women and both of them very chic, have recently made their appearance here. Miss Sheila Byrne, now a most interesting débutante, wears a tiny boat-shaped affair of black straw with a great black tassel dripping over one side as its only ornament. Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen wears a broad eccentrically shaped blue straw hat, upon which very flat blue ostrich feathers stretch out on each side to astonishing widths.



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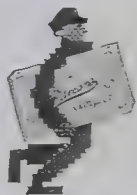
SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 62)



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few years ago." Presumably this record is authentic; at least, as presented on the stage, it is pleasing.

THE PORTMANTEAU THEATRE

THE second bill of the current season of the Portmanteau Theatre, directed by Stuart Walker, afforded to the theatre-going public the privilege of seeing, at a single sitting, no less than three of the dramatic masterpieces in miniature that have been composed by one of the finest artists of the modern drama, Lord Dunsany. "The Golden Doom", "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior", and "The Gods of the Mountain" were set forth in a single programme; and the evening was eked out by the presentation of a playful and rather entertaining interlude, composed by Mr. Walker and entitled "The Very Naked Boy".

Lord Dunsany is an artist so exceptional in talent and so unquestionable in his genius that it seems ungracious to say anything at all in subtraction from the current record of his manifest ability; yet, when a careful critic is required to consider three plays by this author in the course of a single evening, he is likely to become afflicted by the undesired sense of a certain haunting sameness in the work of Lord Dunsany. Greatness is easily recognizable at first sight; but it loses emphasis by excessive repetition. The plays of Lord Dunsany, though different in story, are monotonously similar in mood; and the sense of this monotonous identity is inculcated when three of these extraordinary compositions are presented in a single evening.

In the presentation of the current bill, McKay Morris repeated his magnificent performance of King Argimenes, and George Gaul registered a fine impression by his massive rendering of the monumental part of Agmar in "The Gods of the Mountain".

"GOOD MORNING, JUDGE"

"THE MAGISTRATE", by Arthur Wing Pinero, is one of the most famous farces that have earned a paragraph of honourable mention in the enduring history of the English-speaking stage. This piece was first presented, at the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square (London, S.W.), on the evening of March 21, 1885. That is now a long time ago; but, for four and thirty years, not a single season has passed by without the chalking up of some production, somewhere in the English-speaking world, of this astonishingly lively play.

After the lapse of nearly half the sum of years allotted by tradition to the life of man, this famous farce has been transmuted into a "musical comedy"; and, after running for a year or two in London, under the title of "The Boy", it has recently been offered to the public of America under the more slangy and more enticing title of "Good Morning, Judge".

From the point of view of the dramatic critic, the current presentation of "Good Morning, Judge" is not nearly so attractive as the antecedent project of "The Magistrate". The recently initiated habit of turning successful farces into "musical comedies" ambitious for success has been a good thing for the lyric stage but a bad thing for dramatic authorship; for the most entertaining "musical comedy" is not so fine a fabric as a well-made farce. "Good Morning, Judge", by reason of its basic project, is more impressive than the average "musical comedy"; yet any auditor who is old enough to remember "The Magistrate" is likely to cry out against many tam-

perings with the traditional text of this historic farce that seem to be unwarranted.

The incidental lyrics are inferior to the inherited text; the music, composed by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot, is conventional and thin; and, as a whole, the effort to turn a great and memorable work into something timely and forgettable must be recorded as a failure. The fact, however, should be registered that George Hassell, an admirable actor, exhibits an amusing performance of the part created, four and thirty years ago, by Arthur Cecil. Mr. Hassell is so fine an artist that any professional commentator on the current theatre would be very glad to see him in a sincere rendering of a sincerely written part.

"THE VELVET LADY"

"THE VELVET LADY" is another "musical comedy" developed, in accordance with the current habit of our theatre, from the text of an antecedent farce. In this instance, the book was furnished by Fred Jackson and adapted to the traffic of the lyric stage by Henry Blossom. The entertainment was directed by Edgar MacGregor and Julian Mitchell; and the music was composed by Victor Herbert. "The Velvet Lady" may be dismissed, or else remembered, as the usual sort of thing. The production, provided by Klaw and Erlanger, was sumptuous and tasteful; yet there was nothing in the undertaking that called for more than passing mention.

"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"

"JUST Around the Corner", by George V. Hobart and Herbert Hall Winslow, might be dismissed as just another repetition of the customary play of rural life, were it not for the uncanny fact that the performance is enlivened by the personal appeal of an artist so original and so attractive as Marie Cahill. This remarkable woman—devoid of beauty, as appearances are judged upon the stage—is gifted with a subtle ear for rhythm which permits her to register emphatically the finest points of that mysterious art which can only be described as "reading." Her sense of emphasis is absolutely nice; and her sense of craftsmanship is so meticulous that she is almost able to transmute into a semblance of momentary art a written project which otherwise would be relegated swiftly to oblivion.

"HOBOHEMIA"

NOW that the war is over, and the young men who were drafted into the army have been returned to civil life, the Greenwich Village Theatre has resumed its foregone functioning, under the direction of Frank Conroy and Harold Meltzer. The first production at this interesting playhouse, under the new conditions of a world made safe for democracy, was a piece called "Hobohemia," by Sinclair Lewis.

Sinclair Lewis is a spirited young man who has already imposed an impression on the reading public by two or three successful novels and half a dozen essays in the more restricted craft of the short-story. "Hobohemia," however, is his first play; and it reveals the weaknesses to be expected in a first endeavour in an unfamiliar art.

It is evident that Mr. Lewis, in this fabric, was trying to set forth a satire of life as it is lived in that peculiar region of New York that is known as Greenwich Village; but his composition

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"GUILBOUR" WITH YVETTE GUILBERT

(Continued from page 63)

Jones; and, despite the current fame of this successful artist for the stage, it may be said with candour that he has never done anything more fine, in composition or in colour, than his imaginative investiture of this relic of a by-gone age. The incidental music was gathered by Madame Guilbert from her ample library of mediaeval sources; and this music was beautifully rendered by choral singers trained by Edith Quail. Especially impressive was the singing of Richards Hale, a young baritone endowed by nature with a gorgeous voice and equipped by study with a trained ability to use this great voice to the best advantage. The English version of the old French text was ably written by Anna Sprague MacDonald.

THE IMPORTANCE OF "GUILBOUR"

The presentation of "Guibour" was, in every respect, so satisfactory that the only matter which requires comment from the critical reviewer is the inherent importance of this rather artless composition, which was written down by some nameless and forgotten author—or syndicate of authors—more than half a thousand years ago.

In the first place, it may be stated that any veritable revelation of mediaeval art is greatly to be desired in this country at the present time. Alone among the mighty nations to which the predetermination of the future of the world has been allotted by the falling of the dice of destiny, our own country stands naked as a nation without a past. The ordinary citizens of England, France, or Italy, as they go about their daily business, walk beneath the shadow of many monuments of the middle ages, and are constantly reminded of the past by some gigantic relic like the cathedral of Canterbury, the cathedral of Amiens, the cathedral of Siena. In this country, we have inherited no cognate monuments of a world that used to be. Our most venerable buildings date merely from the seventeenth century; and most of these are being ruthlessly torn down in the interest of "progress." Ancestrally, we Americans, if we count our lineage from a common Adam, are just as old as the English, the French, or the Italians; but we are more in need of opportunities to recollect our ancient origin than our cousins overseas. In actuality, the modern world is too much with us; and it is difficult for us to trace back the tendrils of our best imaginings to the rich, dark soil of the world that used to be. To remind us vividly of the state of mind of our forefathers, we need a resurrection of the mediaeval drama more emphatically than an exhibition of this sort could possibly be needed by the contemporary public of Italy or France or England. "Guibour" is exceedingly important to the theatre-going public of New York, by virtue of the fact that it reminds the audience that there was a theatre-going public in the civic squares of France more than half a thousand years ago, and that the world was very much alive before the date of the discovery of America.

FOR AN ILLITERATE PUBLIC

In studying any work of mediaeval origin, we should remember always that the art of the middle ages was calculated carefully to appeal to a public that was illiterate. Throughout the thousand years which extended from the triumph of Christianity over the Roman world, in the fourth century, to the beginnings of the Renaissance of ancient culture, in the fourteenth century, nine-tenths of all the people who were born and buried in Europe passed through life without ever learning to

read or write. Literacy was reserved almost exclusively for the clergy; and, practically speaking, the only people who could read and write were dignitaries of the Church. This, of course, is the main historic reason for the absolute supremacy of the Church over the minds and hearts of the common people of the middle ages. Any ordinary citizen was required to believe what was told him by the priests, because he was cut off, by his lack of education, from the privilege of appealing, through any other medium than the Church, to the written records of the accumulated wisdom of mankind.

WRITTEN IN STONE

The Church, as the sole custodian of literary learning and the chosen teacher of the vast illiterate populace throughout a thousand years, rendered in the main a good account of its stewardship. The people could not read; the people had to be taught; therefore, it was necessary to teach them through the easily intelligible symbols of concrete art. Here we have the motive for that tremendous efflorescence of Gothic architecture which forces modern critics to their knees to pay obeisance to the middle ages. John Ruskin was happily inspired with a phrase when he called the greatest monument of Gothic architecture "the Bible of Amiens." It was indeed a Bible, a sacred book made up of many sermons writ in stone; and these sermons were so concrete, and therefore so intelligible to the unlettered mind, that it might be actually said that any one who ran might read them. All that the Church could tell about the past, the present, and the future, the miracle of life and the mystery of death, and that triune ideal of Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness—Three in One and One in Three—was trumpeted through solid stone to all the passing generations that were born and buried within the visible radius of this towering cathedral.

THE REINVENTION OF DRAMA

Although the drama, as an art, had been excluded from the world for more than a thousand years—and that is the main reason, the present scribe is fain to think, why the centuries in question have been frequently labelled by learned historians as "the dark ages"—the Church decided, in the twelfth century, to reinvent the drama, as the most effective medium through which the illiterate public might be convinced of the essential truth of many myths and legends of what may be described most quickly as the "propaganda" of mediaeval Christianity. This newly reinvented drama immediately scored a popular success; and the enthusiasm of the public was so obvious that, when the daily overturning of the calendar had whispered its way into the fourteenth century, the Church and its affiliated organizations of representative men of letters were actively engaged, in nearly every European country, in pushing the drama as the most direct, and therefore the most effective, means of inculcating certain fundamental truths into the minds of an uneducated but eager and avid public.

To this enthusiastic season of the fourteenth century, "Guibour" belongs. Its characteristics as a work of art are similar to those of any representative example of mediaeval architecture. It is simple, homely, direct, concrete, and—from the point of view of the more sophisticated modern mind—naïve. This old play is surprisingly alive, because it reveals an almost astonishing intimacy with life as it was actually lived in that

(Continued on page 90)

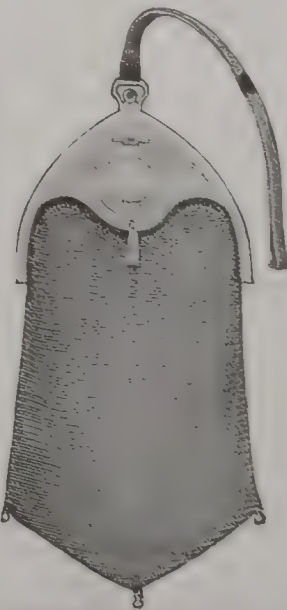


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"GUIBOUR" WITH YVETTE GUILBERT

(Continued from page 89)

far century which brought it forth; but, at certain moments when it appears to appeal for a degree of credence that is difficult for the modern commentator to concede, we should remember that it was originally written for a public that had never read a book.

In Victor Hugo's monumental novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," there is a famous passage in which a mediaeval priest, holding in one hand a copy of a newly printed book and sweeping the other hand in a gesture toward the vast cathedral, announces, "*Ceci tuera celà!*" The invention of printing was destined to supersede the function of mediaeval architecture. It is no longer necessary to erect Bibles in stone to edify a public that is fed with information by newspapers that issue eight or ten editions every day. Our modern laws, which impose a common-school education on every individual, without even consulting his desires, bequeath a greater potency upon the printed words of a propagandist than can ever be achieved by any such announcement of religious theory through the medium of lasting stone as has been imagined by the anachronistic projectors of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. The popular promulgation of the printed word has swiftly undermined the more specific and more concrete appeal of mediaeval art. "*Ceci tuera celà!*," "printing will kill architecture": this prediction has been justified by the event.

But any example of the drama of the middle ages should be judged by a contemporary critic not according to the theoretic terms of our modern printed literature but according to the terms of that more explicit mediaeval architecture which was designed to convey eternal messages to a running public unacquainted with the special craft of reading. Any such expression must be homely, and intimate, and quite unblushingly naive. "Guibour" fulfills with ease these rather remarkable requirements. It is so simple in its thought that any child could understand it; it is so homely in its method that it reveals a memorable picture of the daily life of a French town in the middle ages; and it is so deliciously naive in mood that it calls forth the sort of sympathetic smile with which we accompany the patting on the head of a lovely and appealing child.

One of the most delightful traits of

the mediaeval public is that, being richly human, this public was quite illogically inconsistent in its moods. The one point about the great art of the Greeks which is impressed upon us most emphatically is that these supermen—and the world may nevermore be privileged to look upon their like again—could think only, and feel only, in one way at any predetermined moment. The Parthenon is absolutely holy; and no man may laugh irreverently when the moon is looking down upon it, under pain of being stricken dead by the drastic anger of the Gods. But every Bible that was written in stone by the mediaeval builders exhibits many passages whereby the running observer is invited to laugh aloud at some emphatic abnegation of the sacred mood in which the edifice, considered as a whole, has been conceived. To the mind of the present commentator, no other habitual detail of mediaeval art is so impressive as the simple and almost childish sense of humour that is ascribed continually by all the artists of the middle ages to the God that they revere abjectly.

"Guibour," which is a typical example of the religious drama of the fourteenth century, appears, at many points, naive and funny to a modern audience. But the thing to be remembered by the commentative auditor is that this childishness of humour was not accidental but intended. The writers of the middle ages, who plied their pens for the benefit of those who could not read, were not endeavouring to set the gods of their imagination lofty above Olympus, but were trying rather to bring these gods within familiar converse with those citizens who wandered daily through the market-place.

The Virgin Mary, in "Guibour," gives quick expression to a clearly appreciable sense of humour; and so do her attendant angels. This expression did not seem incongruous to the mediaeval mind. The reverent, unlettered people of the middle ages were wisely taught to laugh before they died, because death was fleeting but laughter was immortal. To the modern observer, trained by recent accidents to a more consistent singularity of atmosphere, this fine example of the mediaeval drama is perhaps most interesting by reason of its multiplicity of moods. It salutes us, with eternal laughter on its lips, as a thing about to die.

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 88)

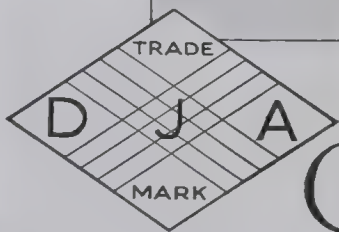
failed as satire because it tilted over, all too easily into the neighbouring region of burlesque. The prime prerequisite of the subtle art of satire is that the audience shall be persuaded to accept, as a matter of fact, the conditions of experience which are represented on the stage. In observing "Hobohemia," this presumption is impossible. The characters set forth as representative of the life of Greenwich Village are so extreme in type that the ordinary auditor is likely to reject them. An intelligent intention to satirize a phase of current life that has laid itself open to a logical attack has been enervated by an exercise of zeal from a humorist too extravagant in method.

"PLEASE GET MARRIED"

THE one surprising fact about "Please Get Married," by James Cullen and Lewis Allen Browne, is that this farce should have been presented in the Little Theatre, which has hitherto been guarded against any infraction of good

taste by Winthrop Ames. This play is deficient not only in respect to the technical requirements of drama, but also in respect to traditions of good taste.

"Please Get Married" is offered by Oliver Morosco, for the delectation of "a typical Morosco audience." The piece is very vulgar. It is designed and written in such a way that it would call a blush of embarrassment to the cheek of any Frenchman. It deals with the adventure of a honeymoon which is interrupted by a series of unexpected accidents. The bedroom scene in the second act is undeniably funny, but is subject to several interrogations on the score of taste; and the rest of the play is futile, because of many obvious deficiencies in technical manipulation. In the case of "Please Get Married," the commentator encounters a poor play whose only appeal to popularity is obviously based upon the titillation afforded to the sense of prurency. The leading parts, however, are played with taste and tact by Ernest Truex and Edith Taliaferro.



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"Wakanoura," a landscape by Kano Tanyu

The Humorists and Landscapists of Japanese Painting

(Continued from page 72)

while in 1661 was born Korin, one of the brightest gems in the crown of Japanese art. Working alike on silk and on paper, executing many of his finest pictures in gold on lacquer, now painting flowers, now birds, now subjects like those of Matahei, he has had few equals anywhere in technical ability. Nor perhaps has there ever been a painter, producing so much as he, who has been attended so constantly by exquisite taste. It is interesting to recall that Korin was the elder brother of Kenzan Ogata, whom Japan regards as her best ceramicist; and it is said that, when Kenzan contrived to found a kiln of his own, having previously been always an employe of factories, he received generous aid in the project from his brother's purse.

A Chapter of Humorists

The last chapter in the history of Japanese art has a happy beginning, but a sad ending. Korin necessarily exerted a wide spell, which was felt in particular, or so at least it would seem, by the beautiful painter of birds and flowers, Okio; while in 1747 was born Mori Sosen, a lonely figure in artistic annals. For he gave himself almost exclusively, year after year, to the painting of monkeys, a consequence being that he acquired monkey as a nickname, the little boys shouting it after him in the streets of Osaka, where he lived. The comedians of the animal world, monkeys have frequently in their guise the proverbial pensiveness of professional humorists in general, and it is Sosen's chief laurel that, again and again, he uttered this trait in his beloved theme. He lived till 1821, at which date were painting Shiuhsuo and Yeishi, both greatly influenced by Matahei; while the woodcut masters presently reaching their apogee, several of them wrought occasionally with the brush, Hokusai's paintings being fully equal in merit to his familiar prints.

Yeisen's Art

Contemporaneous with him was Yeisen, a rare landscapist, soon after whom

Yosai gained a wide celebrity, due no less to his genre pictures than to the book he both wrote and illustrated, "The Great Heroes and Scholars of Japan." But, at this very time when talented art was being produced on so lavish a scale, people far and near were beginning to inveigh fiercely against the old, despotic regime. And, when the sword was drawn in 1868, there were no half-measures, the Shogunate being hewn down, all power wrested from the feudal lords, and a representative government with the Mikado as its head established. Unless for a few months, however, the Revolution did not really check the profuse output of painting, artists who won renown at this period being Buncho, mainly a landscapist and flower-painter; Tachibane Setsuen, who also chiefly painted flowers; and Kaburajai Untan, whose best pictures are studies of cocks and hens.

All these men, and quite a host of their generation, had grand technical dexterity, yet little more. They gave slight evidence of seeking to utter with the brush their own feelings, in their own way, being content to trade in the vision of their great predecessors; while shortly the beautiful landscapist, Nomura, showed an inclination to look to the Western schools as his exemplar.

Much has been said about the quick development of this bias with Japanese artists lately, much too about the Westernising of Japanese ways in general. But the extent of the change has been greatly exaggerated, those who have expatiated on it having mostly lived in Japan, only in Europeanized hotels, or moved in a consular or academic coterie, instead of blending with the people, accepting their mode of life.

The decline of Japanese art is owing simply to the lack of strong individualities, the new freedom having failed to create such, even as the old tyranny failed to suppress them. Yet no doubt the blight is merely ephemeral, no doubt Japan will soon, once more, bring forth a group of splendid masters, thus giving a fresh significance and justice to the most poetic of her many names, The Empire of the rising Sun.

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MUNITION KATE—"I dunno about 'official.' All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse we calls the police and they chucks 'im out."—*Punch*.

The Wrong Locality

"Bill, when I told her I killed a German with one hand, she grabbed it and kissed it all over."

"Why didn't y' tell her you bit the blighter to death?"—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Italian Daredevils

(Continued from page 74)

Giolitti's active, and extremely powerful, anti-war party.

But D'Annunzio has never ridden the tin dolphin;—neither has Luigi Rizzo, another brave sailor who has made himself the idol of his country, and who was also one of the thirty who believed that they were offering their lives to their country that night when they went to Buccari Bay. Rizzo besides, had led many daring raids to Pola, to Trieste, and to the Tagliamento River.

ALL Europe was ringing with the story of the latest astounding exploit of Rizzo, when I looked one day last summer into the smiling boyish face of my chance companion on the Padua-Venice train, and then, as one always does in Italy, glanced to see what his decorations were. I knew at once that it was Luigi Rizzo of Milazza, as he had attached to his valor-medal ribbon, a little gold star. They usually only award the gold valor-medals in Italy to men after death, when they have died doing some exceptionally brave and useful act. Rizzo by all rights should have been dead, so they gave him his gold medal just the same, though he had come through untouched. He had been cruising with two small motor-boats, had come across the enemy cruising in the open sea, had attacked a whole fleet of Austrian cruisers, dashing through the circling cordon of a dozen protecting destroyers, had sunk the largest man-of-war in the Austrian navy, had successfully dropped a floating mine that destroyed a pursuing destroyer, and once more had returned safely to port.

I found him a modest, pleasant sailor man, with that splendid simplicity one is so apt to find in the man of the sea. But I'm forgetting the tin dolphin and the story of another Italian hero.

THE tin dolphin, though an engine of war, didn't spring fully conceived from the brain of a Henry Ford, like the baby submarine, nor was it created like the perfect Liberty engine in a fortnight by some all-wise engineers locked up in a hotel suite. It was just the modification of a Whitehead torpedo with the usual engine run by compressed air, put through a severe course of training like any crazy buckjumping broncho at a round-up. A year ago they experimented with torpedoes in the harbor of Valona, in Albania, and Captain Cassano, who tried to tame the tin dolphin there, told me that the beast would always start with a wild rush and leave him to swim in the summery waters of the Adriatic. Something had to be done, however, for the exploits of Rizzo, of D'Annunzio and of the other dashing naval officers had led the enemy to so surround himself with submarine nets, and to so bar the entrance to his ports with booms, that nothing in the way of motor-launches could hope to get through. Hence the idea of a Whitehead torpedo with a man on its back to guide it into the Austrian harbor, to find a gap in the obstacles for it, to make it dive under a net or a boom if no other opening could be found, to make it lie motionless with only its rider's head above water if a searchlight was turned toward it, and finally to enable its rider to float in his modified diving suit at a safe distance while it made its last dash at the enemy.

It was Colonel Rossetti who finally succeeded in modifying the torpedo so that its engine speed could be cut down at will by a valve projecting from its miniature deck, to a safe and convenient rate,—so that the rider need not be washed from his detachable seat on the back of his submerged mechanical fish, and so the propeller would not

stir up a tell-tale wake in the phosphorescent waters, and who so arranged the controlling gear that he could steer the fish from his seat, and could rise or sink by controlling the ballast tanks.

ONE dark night late in October just before the Austrians gave in, Colonel F. Rossetti, of the Naval Engineers, with Captain Paolucci, of the Italian Medical Corps, as a companion, said farewell to his friends who had brought him in a motor boat, and had towed the dolphin to the entrance to the harbor of Pola inside of which lay, this time safely guarded, Austria's remaining large battleship. They then started to work their way inside the mole and through or under the floating or submerged obstructions. It took courage and skill to find in the darkness the opening in the mole, but after an hour and a quarter they found their way inside.

The first set of obstructions they encountered just inside the entrance fortunately had no submerged net so the dolphin passed under while its riders climbed over it. Then they turned back along the inside of the mole and, submerged as they were, with their heads only above water, passed right by the watching sentinel. They headed toward the inner harbor, only to find a triple set of floating and submerged barriers. The meshes of the nets were so coarse that the dolphin wriggled his way through with the help of much pushing by the two men. By this time they had been struggling along for nearly five hours, and the pressure of the compressed air that drove the dolphin's engine was getting low. However, the way was now clear up to the farthest battleship, which they knew from the observations of an airman was the *Viribus Unitis*, the last of the dreadnaughts still left afloat.

Colonel Rossetti, when he got within a hundred yards of his prey, stopped the craft, untied a floating mine, left the Whitehead torpedo and swimming and pushing the floating mine before him, reached the side of the vessel. An ordinary magnet on the mine held it against the side of the ship and he regulated the clockwork that set off the mine so as to run about an hour. It was getting toward morning and the searchlights were beginning to play their light on the strange craft, so that the two men no longer dared risk being shot at on the back of their tin fish which carried an explosive charge of its own. They set it adrift, opened its bilgecocks so it would float away and sink after a while, and would automatically explode as it was built to do, hoping that it would go off near enough to one of the other men-of-war to damage or sink it, and it is believed to have done so. The two men got away from their strange craft just in time to be able to say a moment later when they were picked up by a patrolling motor-boat, that they had dropped from the clouds in an airplane.

ON board the *Viribus Unitis*, where they were taken, their waterproof suits were stripped from them, and their Italian uniforms showed that they were entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war. When taken before the commander of the ship they told him that his ship was doomed and would blow up in a few minutes. The commander fortunately believed them, and at once ordered his crew to leave the ship, which some did by swimming and some in crowded boats. And then, even before the commander himself, who stayed till last, had left the ship, the explosion came and the last of the fine fleet of new dreadnaughts, with which Austria started, sank to the bottom.


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Why Not More French Opera?

(Continued from page 67)



his French ministrations almost to the vanishing point. With the special conditions created by the war and the pro-French sentiment so manifest in this country, more attention was inevitably paid to the French opera situation at the Metropolitan. Last season, the management reinforced the French wing of the company, consisting then of two singers, by engaging a French conductor of signal ability, Pierre Monteux. This year it has further added a gifted young baritone, Robert Couzinou, to its Gallic resources.

LAST season was notable for spectacular revivals of "Faust" and "Le Prophète," both grand operas, to supplement an existing French nucleus of "Samson et Dalila," "Carmen," and "Thais" ("Manon" had dropped out), and the first production in America, also in spectacular fashion, of the Arabian Nights opera comique, "Mârrouf," by Henri Rabaud, now conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This season witnesses the production of "La Reine Fiammette," an opera comique brought out in Paris fifteen years ago, and the revival from a far distant past of Gounod's exceedingly slight and fragile opera comique, "Mireille."

Formerly German singers, besides many Italians, participated in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's French productions. The present casts, for reasons indicated above, can contain few French singers. Sometimes the curious excuse is heard that French singers do not exist. How then does the Chicago Opera Association bring to New York this year such French (or Belgian) singers as Yvonne Gall, Fontaine, Bouilliez, Maguenat, Huberdeau, Journet? Are Muratore, Dufranne, and Vanni Marcoux dead? Have Vallin-Pardo, Chenal, Clément, Boulogne, Dangès, Lestelly never existed? Is not the veteran Renaud, after years in the trenches, again singing at the Paris Opéra; is not the veteran Delmas always there?

No, it is not because French singers were all killed off in the war or borne away into captivity by the Huns that they are so nearly extinct at the Metropolitan.

BUT let us disregard the testimony of other times and other places, and scrutinize the achievements of this season. Beginning with "Samson et Dalila," the French operas the company has presented so far are, in addition, "Thais," "Le Prophète," "Faust," "Carmen," "Mârrouf," and "La Reine Fiammette." It will soon have produced, likewise, "Mireille." Now, of these operas, "Samson et Dalila," "Thais," "Le Prophète," and "Faust" belong to the repertory of the Paris Opéra and so are officially indicated for use in large theatres. The other three are from the Opéra Comique. However, "Carmen" is stout enough of frame to bear the exaggeration necessary for performance in larger houses, and long custom of

such performance has added the weight of its authority. So, too, "Mârrouf" and "La Reine Fiammette," though from the Opéra Comique, are not ill-adapted to a large theatre. In the specific case of the Metropolitan, however, the former opera makes less than its proper effect because of the casting of the name part. It is given not to a Frenchman, but to Giuseppe de Luca, an Italian singer, whose many fine qualities do not include an expressive, or even a distinct, French diction, or an appreciation of just the kind of humor the part demands. Mr. de Luca sings it beautifully and acts it to the best of his ability, according to his lights, but it would need nothing less than a French singing actor of the accomplishment and authority of Jean Périer, who takes it at the Paris Opéra Comique, to project it in all its fun and force into the vast hall of the Metropolitan.

And here we bump right up against that essential difficulty at the Metropolitan—the lack in the company of French artists.

To be sure, there are non-French artists who are more or less at home in many French parts, like Mmes. Farrar, Alda, Barrientos, and Homer, and Messrs. Whitehill, Scotti, Ananian, Didur, and de Seguro. And let us not forget that Mr. Caruso, though generally at his best in Italian opera, has won deserved success in certain French operas, particularly "Le Prophète." Moreover, in Pierre Monteux, the accomplished French conductor, the company has a man who brings French traditions and French taste to the preparation and performance of the French operas that he leads. However, all these exculpatory circumstances do not satisfactorily explain the absence from the Metropolitan company of such a towering artist as the tenor Muratore, of such a gifted and versatile operatic actor as Vanni Marcoux, of such noble deep male voices as Dufranne, Huberdeau, and Journet, for instance, possess.

ACCEPTING the present resources of the company, let us look at what it has done with the French works in hand. The productions of "Samson et Dalila," "Le Prophète," and "Faust," if not above improvement in every particular, are, broadly speaking, dignified and ample affairs, sufficiently in harmony with the pretensions and possibilities of the house. Scenically, they are particularly commendable. The "Thais," one inevitably takes less seriously. It testifies chiefly to the naïve belief of somebody or other that because Massenet's Alexandrian opera commanded and held public attention when Mary Garden appeared as the naughty actress and Renaud as the naughtier monk, it was destined to be equally successful with other artists. But alas! Geraldine Farrar has a voice that is unsuited in range and quality to the music *Thais* must sing, and all the fantastic (Continued on page 94)



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Why Not More French Opera?

(Continued from page 93)

inspirations of her customer have failed to divert attention from the main issue. Though such capable gentlemen as Mr. Whitehill and Mr. Couzinou in the rôle of the monk have collaborated with Mme. Farrar in the Metropolitan "Thais," that production has been, all along, somewhat of a joke—now a joke grown a bit stale. "Mârouf," as told above, is handicapped in its bid for popularity by an unsuitable Italian singer in the rôle of *Mârouf*.

The one performance of "Carmen" which has been given, so far, this season is likely to go down in history as the dullest ever witnessed in the house. Last Winter, at the Lexington, we saw Bizet's opera with a truly great *Carmen* in Mary Garden, and an incomparable *Don José* in Muratore. This year, at the Metropolitan, we are treated to the most curious *Don José* I remember in the person of a very Italian singer named Crimi. That gentleman presented *Don José* as such a modest, shrinking youth that one would have taken him for his own orderly, were it not that *José* himself was too simple a specimen of the genus soldier to possess an orderly.

SIGNOR Crimi proceeded through the part along eminently bashful lines, in an unequal conflict with the French text, until, in the last act, the moment came to slay the unaccommodating gypsy baggage. Then, suddenly, he pulled from somewhere a mastodontic clasp knife, and with a rasp of rending metal tore the gigantic weapon open by sheer strength of what must be a set of formidably athletic teeth, while the audience sat up from its torpor and quaked and rocked and writhed in merriment. Mme. Marrar looked so utterly astonished that she just let the young man kill her without putting up a pretense at a fight.

Of course, the Metropolitan production is de luxe to the last degree. Discarding the authentic crudities of red and yellow, the Spanish soldiery appears to our dazzled gaze smartly tricked out in an imaginary blue and white. *Lillas Pastia's* hole in the wall looks like the roof of a first class New York hotel in midsummer. What if *Carmen*, in her anger, still calls her soldier lover a canary, not a blue jay! What if the *Pastia* den is only a resort of smugglers, gypsies, common soldiers, women of the streets and taverns! Who would be such a heartless pedant as, in the name of anything so unpleasant as the truth, to forbid the Metropolitan its beloved luxe? But—shades of Garden and Muratore! . . . Yea, of Bizet, of Prosper Merimée!

"LA REINE FIAMMETTE," musically, is a pleasing score, and stands very well the transfer to a large theatre. Moreover, the libretto, adapted by Catulle Mendès himself from his verse play of the same name, is so extraordinarily good of itself and so generous in the opportunity it provides for some matters of quite exceptional appeal, that

less agreeable music would be tolerated cheerfully.

One of the exceptional matters is Adamo Didur's portrayal of *Giorgio d'Asi*, the jaunty adventurer who marries the wilful little queen with the amiable expectation of wading through her slaughter to her throne. Mr. Didur achieves an impersonation which is a masterpiece of light and polished villainy, with a physical aspect suggestive of some choice piece of historical portraiture done by the hand of one of the great painters of the Italian renaissance.

The other exceptional matter is the contribution of Boris Anisfeld. Here a distinguished Russian painter of our day has accomplished, in the scenic background and the costumes designed to stand out against it, a veritable evocation of the Italian renaissance. One marvelous and glowing stage picture succeeds another, to the number of six. Nothing which quite equals it has been seen on the American stage before. At one stroke, the Metropolitan Opera House, long resisting stubbornly the appeal of modern scenic art, opens a glorious prospect toward supremacy in that realm of infinite enchantment.

But this is Anisfeld and scenery, not specifically French opera. Soon fragile "Mireille," for long years mainly neglected even in France, will become the vehicle, as the saying is, for the fragile voice of Maria Barrientos. Then the Metropolitan's French record for the season of 1918-19 will be complete.

ONE fears it will not seem too impressive, in spite of the meritorious elements pointed out above. Without aping Homer in a catalogue of operas, one may pertinently point out that the Metropolitan achievement in French opera for this season takes no account of the work of Gluck, of Méhul, of Halévy, of Auber, of Massenet, of Chabrier, of d'Indy, of Charpentier, of Debussy, of Laparra, of Ravel. "Louise," the one modern opera that the whole town, with the exception of the Metropolitan management, seems agreed on desiring, is persistently withheld. There is not even talk of a production of "Pelléas et Mélisande." Leroux's masterpiece, "Le Chemineau," was introduced to New York by the visiting Chicago Company. Laparra's masterpiece, "La Habanera," reposes in its composer's music rack. It is pertinent to inquire why an administration that owns the rights to Ravel's one-act opera, "L'Heure Espagnole," lets that score gather dust in the library while Puccini's one-act "Gianni Schicchi" disports itself in all the publicity of the footlights.

ALREADY there is discussion as to how, when, and in what quantity Wagner shall return to the Metropolitan boards. Before negotiating that return, there is a more urgent need of extending the repertorial terrain in the ample and rich domain of France.

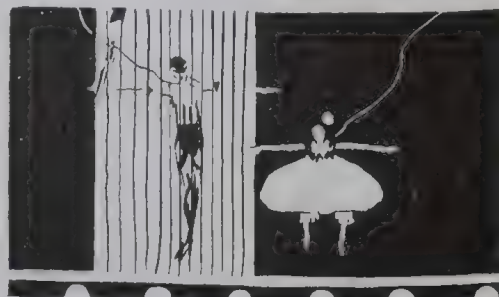


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Russia's Dramatic Future

(Continued from page 65)

tain time too near the entrance, the box office has a Chinese puzzle to solve in exchanging the unused coupons for a later performance.

I HADN'T been in Moscow many days when I found that Stanislavsky was really anxious lest I pack up under the pressure of war and separate peace and the Terror and go home without seeing the Studios. I would see the Art Theatre itself, of course—the plays of Tchekhoff and Gorky and the rest. But the Studios, the creatures of his elder fancy—here centered his pride and his affection. Yet, as you go and come in Moscow, there is no undue emphasis on their existence, no untoward *réclame*. Their fixtures are listed modestly at the bottom of the Art Theatre posters. I know many people in Moscow who have never sat in their tiny audience rooms, some who have scarcely heard of them. They exist primarily for the young actors, to prepare them for the exacting duties of the parent stage. But a theatre isn't a theatre unless it has an audience. And so the audience, the right kind of an audience, appreciative but exacting, is gathered in this quiet way. I can't help contrasting the cordial dignity of Moscow with the heat and the fuss and the plumage with which we drum up an audience for our theatres similarly Little.

Although the Studio Theatres are as self-sufficient as a short story, their personnel fits closely into the schedule of the Art Theatre, for which and by which they exist. There is hardly a play at Great Headquarters in Kamergersky Pereulok which hasn't some of the young men and women of the Studios in its cast. The minor rôles fall to them in preparation for the greater ones to come. But the relationship isn't altogether one-sided, for occasionally the elders step down from their heights to act with the novices, thus giving point and perspective to the Studio production and a potent example by contact for the players themselves. Last winter still another purpose was found for the First Studio when Leonidoff, one of the leading members of the parent company, after a serious illness resumed acting in the Studio until his strength returned.

OF the new productions at the First Studio, by far the most successful is "Twelfth Night," the heartiest, the most Elizabethan performance of the comedy I have ever seen in any country. Usually the Studios follow the precept of the Art Theatre by the use of a vividly spiritualized realism as their dramatic

method. Here, however, to the great joy of Stanislavsky, who sat beside me at the dress rehearsal, the young people unfolded their Shakespeare in a series of simple, suggestive scenes, fixing the locale by a bit of furniture or tapestry or garden wall in one corner, while the rest of the stage was hung with unobtrusive curtains. To make the progress of the play continuous, these curtains swung alternately to the right and the left, and behind them the suggestive bits of the following scene were set with a quietness unpleasantly astonishing to one used to the alert methods of our scene shifters.

OTHER plays, other methods. "The Cricket on the Hearth," the first production of the First Studio, is as truly English of its own era as "Twelfth Night," though John Peerybingle is a bit too hearty! It is done realistically, with a perfect riot of a toy shop for Caleb Plummer's home. Herman Heijermans' "The Loss of 'The Hope,'" played here by Ellen Terry as "The Good Hope," is as Dutch as a dike, and Henning Berger's "The Deluge," although the least satisfactory item in the repertory, has numerous American insights. It is remarkable how these Russians know more about every other country on earth than all the others put together know about them!

Kolin, Tchekhoff and Baklanova—these three young players would justify the Studios if they yield no more. Kolin is just a boy yet, but his characterizations of old men are the envy of his elders. He is the Cat now in "The Blue Bird" and his *Malvolio* is the most poignant pretender I have ever seen. Tchekhoff, the nephew of the playwright, is a gaunt, brooding soul, weighed down by Russia's sorrows but a supreme artist through it all. And Baklanova, body and head above the other girls, chafes under the restrictions of most rôles.

These players and these plays, the Moscow Art Theatre wishes to send to us as a kind of corps of diplomatic emissaries in the arts. In fact, all Russia is seething with the desire to come to America. Life under the Terror is irksome at best, but the Art Theatre itself is too staid and sedentary a citizen to ramble far from its native Moscow. I don't believe Moscow would agree to do without it! But these children of its good white-haired leader, these advocates of its artistic vision—they are waiting impatiently until the lanes of land and sea will accept their unfamiliar peaceful baggage without too much wonder and interference.

My Spirit Garden

Rose: Pansy: Lily; et al.

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

NOW come the days of gardens; far and wide
Commuters clamor in their floral pride.
By tram and tube and train they prate of phlox,
Of larkspur, trillium, pinks and holly-hocks.
I have no garden—in a groundling sense—:
No earthy compound girt by hedge or fence.
Mere city-dweller, urban and untanned,
My flowers are Ladies, but, O boy! they're grand.
Dusk-lidded damsels; sweet night-blooming dames;
Blessed by a happy lack of Latin names.
Rose, Pansy, Lily!—What more could I need
To grace my spirit garden?—What, indeed!
And when, perchance, I find some vagrant spray
That blooms apart from staid Convention's way,
I pluck it not, but, stooping, whisper: "Child,
You're lovely, but I greatly fear you're wild."



Louisa Carter

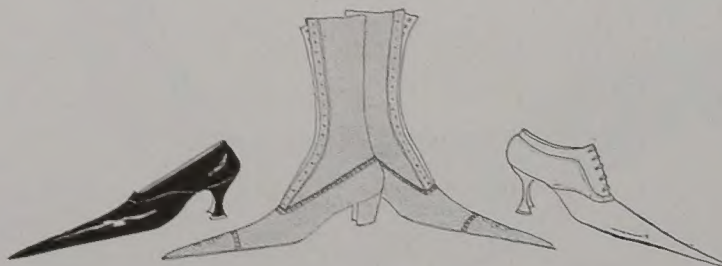
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About Nothing

(Continued from page 77)

less live through the ages where thousands of poems concerned with something have never been heard of and will unquestionably never be heard of. Artemus Ward's joke, "I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met"—which has nothing in it in the way of sense, has outlived any hundred jokes containing something in the way of sense. And in Ward's lifetime, the joke—built on nothing—was his surest audience grabber.

THE late Elbert Hubbard once got out a small book, prettily bound and entitled—if I remember correctly—"How to Make a Good Impression in Conversation"—or something of the sort—the pages of which were perfectly blank, contained absolutely nothing, and which actually sold better than a half-dozen of his books whose pages were filled with something.

A memoranda book whose pages have nothing on them plainly enough is worth more than a memoranda book upon whose pages some one has already written something. The relatively greater commercial value of having nothing to eat as opposed to having something to eat may easily be demonstrated. Were a humble fellow to accost one on the street and say, "I have something to eat," he would not get a cent. But let him say, "I have nothing to eat," and he will get a dime or maybe a quarter. The trad-

ing value in nothing, as against something, is here made clearly apparent.

To illustrate the point further. With the current high prices in vermouth, gin, etc., does a bartender make money by putting something into a cocktail shaker or by putting nothing—or next to nothing—in it? The answer is too plain to require statement.

IS it something that makes a young woman angry or is it nothing? It is nothing, as observe the young woman's characteristic ejaculation, "Nothing makes me so mad as, etc." What is a kiss but—as it has often been defined—nothing divided by two? What causes divorces—something in common or nothing in common? Is not "There is nothing between us!" of a hundredfold the tragic implication of "There is something between us"? What youngsters so often grow up and gain fame and fortune superior to their brothers': those who were looked on as good for something? No: those who were looked on as good for nothing.

It is a pity, as I have already remarked, that the subject of nothing does not as greatly intrigue the study and attention of the modern philosopher as it evidently intrigues such of our critics as Henry Van Dyke and Brander Matthews, who have brilliantly achieved nothing, and such of our novelists as Harold Bell Wright and Hamlin Garland, who have devoted their best labors to the accomplishment of nothing.



Irony


To a Girl Dancer—Who Is Dead

By CHARLES W. BRACKETT

*I GO to your still chamber, through the rain.
Poor dancing girl! You tread the dance no more:
Surcease and stir, stir and surcease again—
The wind crowds urgently against your door.*

*But you, forgetting all your truancy,
And all the windy ways your gleam-feet fled;
Serene and still, a new Penelope,
Await my laggard favors—being dead.*

*While I,—now you are true to me—
Wander in search of new amours.
Strange! to receive half-heartedly,
This longed for constancy of yours.*



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